

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1991

BLACK LABEL

E D I T I O N



THE DARK SIDE

THE TRUTH ABOUT SEX AND SATANISM

ROGUE COP

MURRAY RILEY'S LIFE OF CRIME

F O R S U B S C R I B E R S O N L Y



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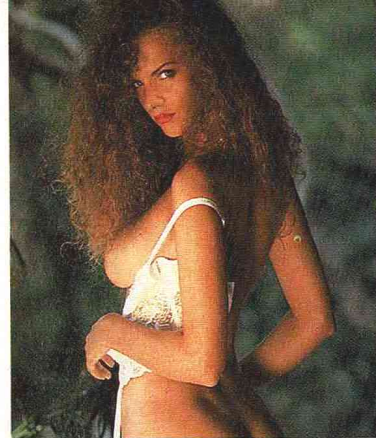
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Australian PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 12 No 8/August 1991 Black Label Edition



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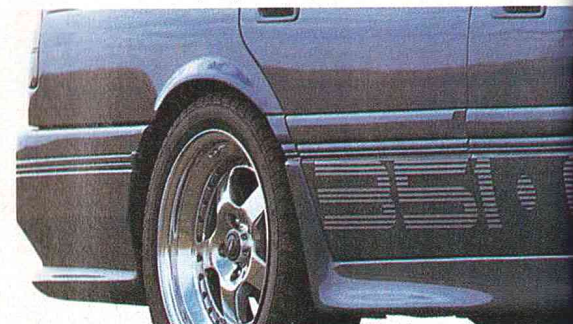
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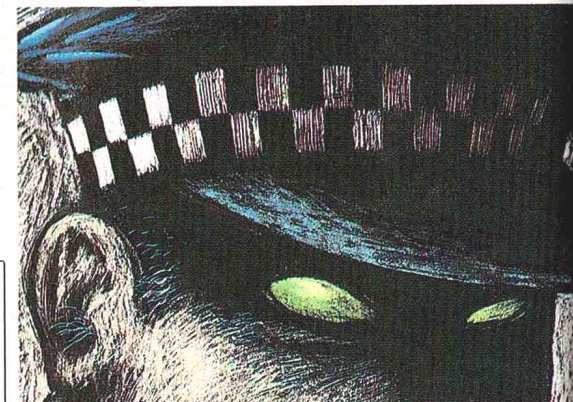
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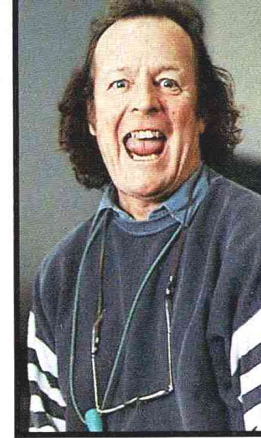
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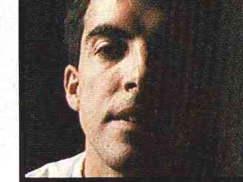
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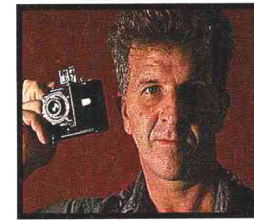
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NIGEL BUCHANAN



ROGER GRIFFIN



JIM SHELDON



BRONWYN PHILLIPS

HOUSECALL

SPORT ACTIONS

Sport in Australia is about to undergo a transformation, as players, officials and especially lawyers have come to realise that the law of the land relating to violence and assault doesn't stop at the boundary fence. If recent trends continue, argues sportswriter and former first-grade Rugby League coach **Roy Masters**, Australian contact sports will become a barrister's banquet and an administrator's nightmare. The illustration by **Nigel Buchanan** is on page 26.

THE DEVIL IN MR AVERAGE

An increasing interest in the occult has fundamentalists frothing at the mouth and media people rubbing their hands with glee, because like sex, the occult sells. But just about every so-called "investigation" degenerates into a predictable piece of scandal about paedophilia or other deviant behavior. In fact, there's much more to the occult than standardised Satan-worship; all sorts of characters dabble in the supernatural arts, and they're not just interested in unlimited sex with an on-tap supply of nubile wenches. **Bronwyn Phillips** turned on the tape recorder and allowed these people to speak for themselves, while **Jim Sheldon** contributed the photographs on page 34.

THE LIFE AND CRIMES OF MURRAY RILEY

Murray Stewart Riley has been up and down like a yo-yo through a life of crime and high times, a colorful rogue if ever there was one. But the pendulum's swing is now at rock-bottom as Riley languishes in a British prison cell awaiting trial on charges of conspiring to defraud British Aerospace of \$103 million. **Phil Jarratt** presents a rollicking profile of the former Olympian, bent cop and convicted dope smuggler on page 50.

THE ENEMY WITHIN

In the so-called "War On Drugs", the generals answer for the failure of their policies by closing their eyes and shouting ever louder that they're winning. That much is obvious to anyone — but writer **John Birmingham** argues that behind the platitudes of politicians and the hopeless can-do enthusiasm of authorities, there is a hidden agenda more dangerous than the drug trade itself. Turn to **Roger Griffin's** illustration on page 66.

THE SECOND COMING

Revheads rejoice! The V8 engine is back in the Ford Falcon and Fairlane, flexing its muscle in the engine bay of Australia's only remaining mass-produced car. But that's not all. The legendary massive 351 cubic inch could be limbering up for another gallop down Thunder Road — spearhead of the blue oval brand's bid to rehabilitate its fading performance reputation. Motoring Editor **Peter McKay** traces the revhead revival at Ford on page 78.

MAN BITES DOG

Cartoonist **Jerome Gask** offers a quirky guide to the care and maintenance of furry quadrupeds on page 81. **Warning:** these recommendations are no substitute for an accredited canine obedience course.

AUGUST



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PUBLISHERS

Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Stephens Innocent, Columbia House, 69 Aldwych, London WC2B 4DU England. Edited by PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.

ADVERTISING OFFICES

PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Telex AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.

DISTRIBUTORS

Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD

(US edition)

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FOREIGN EDITIONS

France: Editions des Savanes, 65 Avenue des Champs-Elysees, 75008 Paris; Germany: Redaktion PH, RedMag Gesellschaft f. redakt. Leistungen mbH, Postfach 140460, D-8000 Munchen 5; Greece: Nautica Ltd, 66 Posidonos Ave, 17455 Alimos; Holland: European Publishing, 21 Holborn Viaduct, London, England; Hong Kong: Yongder Hall Ltd, 661 King's Rd, Quarry Bay; Mexico: Corporacion Editorial s.a. de C.V., Lucio Blanco 435, Col. San Juan, Tlhuaca DF 02400; Spain: Editorial Formentor SA, Calle Rocafort 104, 08015 Barcelona; UK: Sightline Publications Ltd, PO Box 381, Mill Harbour, London e14 9TW.

Australian and New Zealand Editorial and Advertising Office: PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Facsimile (02) 922 6284. Copyright © Penthouse International Limited (1983). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignment of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts or photo submissions. Please allow several weeks for return. Printed by Dai Nippon, Hong Kong, ISSN 0158-0655.

feedback

Blues buster

After joining the steadily growing number of the unemployed recently, and living in Victoria — "The Economic Black Hole" — I was more than a little depressed. But along came a savior, April *Penthouse*, and more to the point, the fabulous Susie Underwood.

If anything could brighten up gloomy spirits, it's Susie. She just proves that our Aussie girls are as good, if not better, than any girls in the world.

Keep up the great work, *Penthouse*, and please give us more Down-Under beauties to behold. — *B. Thyne, Hoppers Crossing, Vic*

Cover shots

As a subscriber to Black Label *Penthouse*, I've been curious about the differences between Black Label and the National edition. I went out and bought the National edition and found that the only difference is the pictorial content and the cover. Surely you could make the Black Label cover picture bigger?

Susie Underwood is just about the best *Penthouse* Pet I have ever seen. She is absolutely fantastic. Amazingly gorgeous. It is fitting that she is in the Pet Of The Year issue. She gets my vote for Pet Of The Year next year. — *C. Cook, Minlaton, SA*

There are 16 extra pages of pictorials, including couples, and an extra-hot Forum section in the Black Label edition. — *Ed*

Whopper swapper

Samantha Dooley (May, 1991) was a breath of fresh air to us Sydneysiders, that's for sure. And her smile! When I saw the magnificently cheeky smile she flashed on page 54, it was love at first sight.

As for Al Cameron and his story about the problems of having a big dick — what can I say but you poor bastard! At least he's able to inspire awe, if not fear and loathing. When I whip my old fella out for effect, you can hear 'em laughing all the way out of the front door. Wanna swap, Al? — *Name and size withheld*

The story "Biggus Dickus" in your May issue was spot on. I too have been cursed with a penis the size of the Sahara Pipeline and it is one hell of a big problem. But, sen-



Samantha Dooley... breath of fresh air.

sitive new male that I am, I am not too inhibited to share my problem with others. In fact, I was pretty keen on sharing it with a few of your *Penthouse* Pets. — *K. Rowlands, Brisbane, Qld*

Cartoon connection

Thanks for the wealth of cartoons in your May issue. I've read in your Feedback page before that a lot of your fans will look at the pictures first, then at the cartoons, then at the articles. I figure among the guys who do that, and I reckon the standard of your gags remains the highest of any magazine in Australia. May was an absolute pearler. (How's that? I have managed to write four whole sentences without once mentioning Pet Of The Month Samantha Dooley's fantastic breasts. Hooley Dooley!) — *Name and address withheld*

Top spot

Your article on the A to Z Of Amber Fluid (May, 1991) was bloody good reading, except there's nothing in there about the oldest brewery in Australia — Cascade. It was built in 1842 and is still producing a

mighty fine brew.

What is the Ettamogah Pub tap beer? Cascade pale ale! Where does Eumundi Lager get its hops? Derwent bloody Valley, near Hobart (the same source as Cascade).

We now live in Queensland due to work commitments, but we don't forget our poor little island. It's a bloody top spot with a good share of our Australian heritage.

Love the magazine. The wife likes the doubles part, with some shots of a dick or two. — *Dick and Wendy, Runcorn, Qld*

Kathleen

I was just wondering if the lady who graces the pages of your Advisor section is in fact one of your former (and also my favorite) Pets Of The Year in the guise of Kathleen Azzopardi. What became of her after her *Penthouse* appearance? — *Name and address withheld*

Yes, it is Kathleen. When last we heard from her she was living in California. — *Ed*

Footloose

Please try to be a little more restrained with your cropping of photographs. Apart from the excellent photos of Gayle Murdock in your May issue, the rest of the photo sets are too closely cropped, giving the format an impression of tunnel vision.

It would have been nice to see both of Natalia's legs in the photos on page 77, particularly as the one visible leg is so appealing. Both legs are shown on page 74, but with the feet trimmed off.

Although Natalia's considerable charms have been very well presented, those of us partial to ladies' legs would be a little disappointed.

At least the preview of Postcards From Sydney on the last page promises a treat for us leg men in the next issue, although you have already managed to cut off the model's right foot. — *Name and address withheld*

Sparks flying

I don't mind those couples pictorials where you show the bloke's dick. It doesn't offend me. But I find them a bit frustrating because they're posed. I'd like to see contact between all those tongues and sensitive bits. I want to see sparks flying. — *Name and address withheld*

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—STEREO REVIEW
Julian Hirsch

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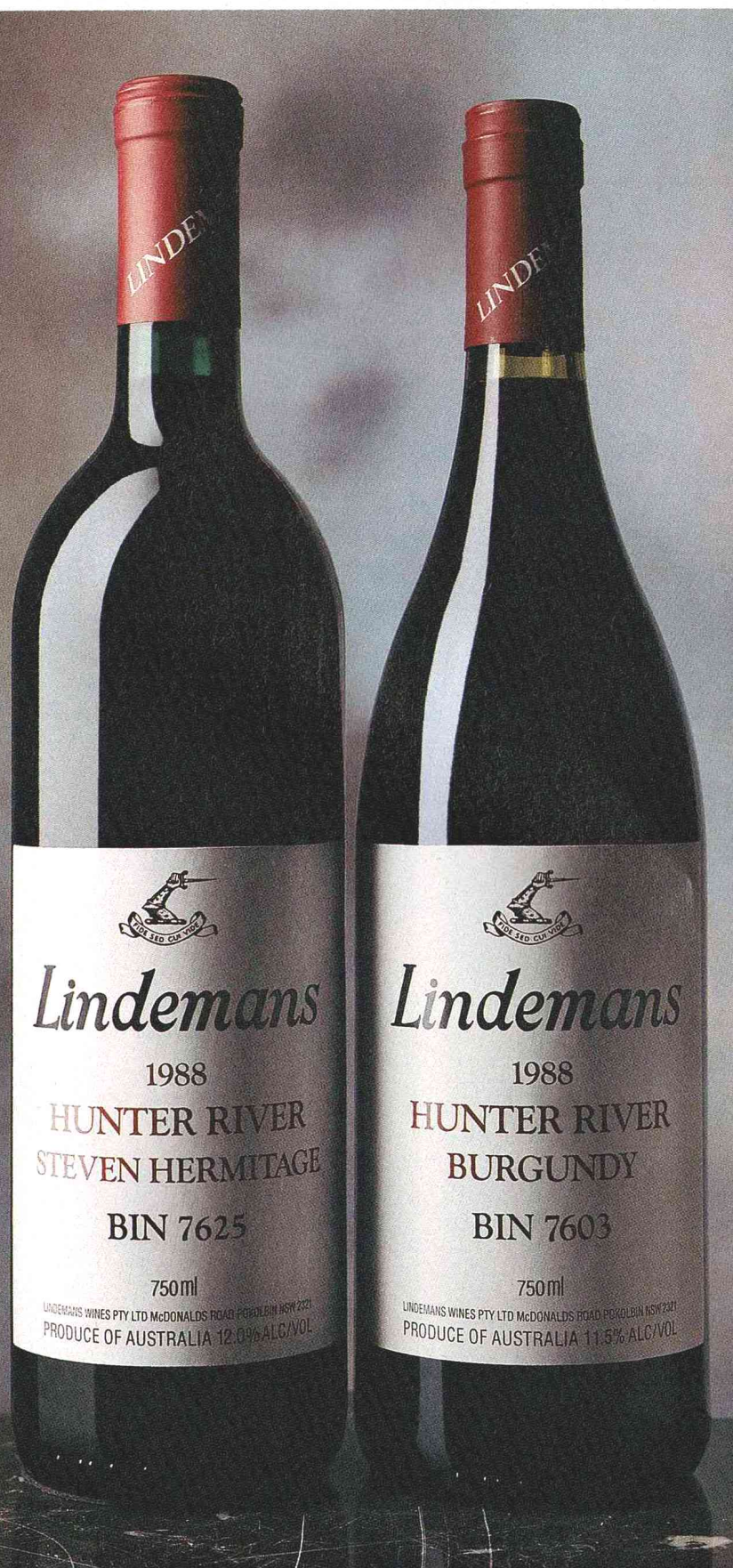
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Strong men grow weak when they recall the Bin 1590 of 1959 and the Bin 3110 of 1965.

They are still great wines, rich and powerful with a long, lingering flavour you'll never forget.

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The Hunter River Steven Hermitage is an excellent, more complex and fuller-bodied wine. It shows attractive oak and a firm, tannin finish. This future classic should continue to improve for many years.

Taste some now, put some away. History, and of course Lindemans, is on your side.

The brilliant crimson of a young Lindemans Shiraz on its way to maturing and greatness.



WINERY VISITS

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Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Australian Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Detachable dicks

When God made men he should have given us detachable dicks. Think of the advantages! We could exchange them (just be sure to keep the receipt). If your dick isn't big or hard enough to satisfy your woman, you could find one that is.

Those who are well-endowed could rent their dicks for the evening. Ten inches or bigger would be a bit more, but well worth it. It could make renting an X-rated movie for your wife or girlfriend a more pleasant experience. Never again would you have to feel inadequate watching the super-hung stud-star — you could rent his dick!

Think how much easier self-gratification would be. How many of you can touch your cock with your tongue? If your gal likes more than one cock, stop by the drive-through for a six-pack. If you think she's fucking the neighbor, borrow his cock and see if she screams his name when you fuck her with it.

When you leave on business, she can say good-bye to all those cheap dildos, because you'll leave your dick with her. She wouldn't have to worry about where it's been when you return or if you're going to cheat on her. By gosh, you'd have to do it with someone else's dick!

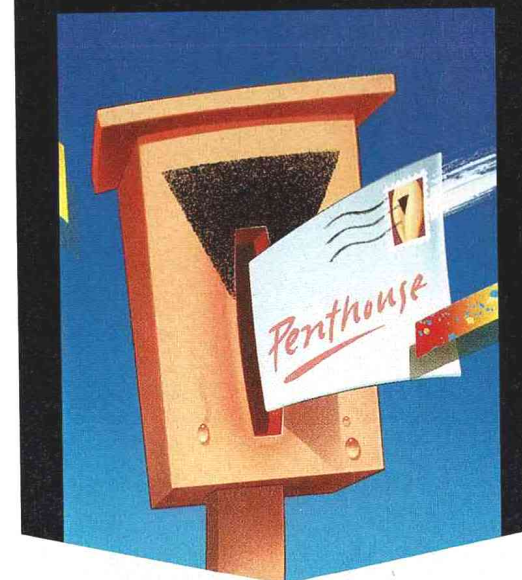
She could use your dick for the evening instead of having to put up with the rest of you. No more bitching about who gets on top! Hopefully she's lady enough to return it to you when she's finished.

Let's face it. Separating the dick from the brain could be a definite advantage. If your dick wants to go with her for the evening, you don't have to.

Talk to your friends about the idea of a detachable dick. After all, going to the moon was just a crazy idea before 1969! Your female friends will certainly like it better than the idea of a pussy plug. — Name and address withheld

Tent tactics

My lady and I recently went camping with some friends, 11 of us in all. Jane is really stunning at 5' 8", 35-23-34 with blonde curly hair and legs that seem to go on forever.



forum

On the first day we tramped for some distance before making camp for the night. We were to share a tent with three other couples. It had been a turn-on for me, walking behind Jane and watching her firm arse rolling as she moved. However when we hit the sack I had no other thoughts but sleep. I was therefore more than a little surprised when I climbed into our bag in my boxer shorts to have her whisper in my ear that she wanted to make love to me. Any doubts I may have had were soon dispelled by her hand rubbing my hardening cock through my shorts. However, making love in a crowded tent is not easy.

We engaged in some very heavy kissing for a while and my hands roamed over the firm mounds of her breasts. She was only wearing a long tee-shirt which was soon bunched around her neck as our petting became more active.

Jane rolled over on her side and that delectable arse was pushing against my erection. I caressed her buttocks, running my hand down the cleft to the moist centre of her sex. The juice was already oozing out of her and I was able to easily insert two fingers into her cunt. Jane let out a low moan of pleasure as I did so. Withdrawing my fingers I rubbed the juice around the back of her thighs and up to her anus. She whispered over her shoulder: "Please put your cock inside me now!"

I levered my now-stiff cock out of the side of my shorts so that it was resting against the soft flesh of her thighs. Jane lifted her leg and reaching through, guided my cock to the entrance of her cunt. I slid easily into her until my balls nestled against her legs. Jane was coming already and I could feel her cunt contracting around my shaft as she did so. Very gently, so as not to disturb our fellow campers, I began to move in and out of her. I would withdraw until my cockhead was right out of her, and then slowly push in again. Although circumcised, I could feel my foreskin rolling back and forth as I thrust in and out. I knew that I would have to continue at this pace, which was really difficult as all I wanted to do was thrust as hard as possible.

However, I maintained control and soon my balls were contracting in the old familiar way. Jane had her hand between her legs and two fingers around my wet shaft, which increased the sensation of being contained. I felt myself coming and simply thrust gently as deep as I could and held my cock there.

My orgasm seemed to take ages to come, welling up from my balls. Jane was gripping my cockshaft tightly just above my balls and my whole world was concentrated in my penis. When I came my cock seemed to swell inside Jane and then let loose with six or seven tremendous spurts of semen. My cock seemed huge as I pumped more and more sperm into her cunt. Jane gasped and drew her legs up to her breasts as my rampant shaft filled her. The come quickly oozed out around my cock and down her buttocks and my loins, but we didn't care. I hugged her close and we drifted off to sleep.

The incredible thing was that when I woke up the next day with my usual morning erection, we were still lying in the same position and my cock was still buried in Jane's cunt. We cannot have moved all night and even though my erection must have subsided it did not fall out of her. I have never experienced such a thing before or since! But then it was a hell of a fuck. Jane told me that the next day she was worried because my sperm was



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JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

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forum

dribbling out of her cunt for most of the morning when she was hiking. We did not repeat the act that trip, but it has continued to be a source of inspiration to us since. — Name and address withheld

Anniversary

To celebrate our first anniversary, my husband and I had planned a romantic evening. Dinner, dancing, theatre, the works. So you can imagine my disappointment when Gary called to ask if a friend of his could tag along.

At first I was furious. I mean, we had been planning this all week! But Gary explained that his friend would only be in town one night, and then he promised to make it up to me later, so I gave in. Gary was supposed to pick me up at six. While I was waiting, I had a quick shower and got dressed. I put on an outfit sure to please him — strapless black dress, stockings, and my favorite pair of heels.

At six o'clock I heard Gary's car pull up. He ran into the house, put a bottle of wine in the fridge, and told me I looked terrific. I just smiled and asked him where his friend was. (I was hoping he had decided to do the right thing and leave us alone.)

"Oh, Robert's waiting for us at the restaurant," Gary replied. I could have strangled him. Despite my anger and disappointment, dinner was great. I don't think I've ever had better. From appetiser to dessert, everything was perfect.

And Robert? I have to admit, he was a bit of a surprise. Tall, muscular, handsome . . . Gary had never told me he had friends who looked like *this*!

We ate dinner and made small talk. It turned out that Robert and I had something in common — besides Gary, I mean. We were both hoping to become journalists.

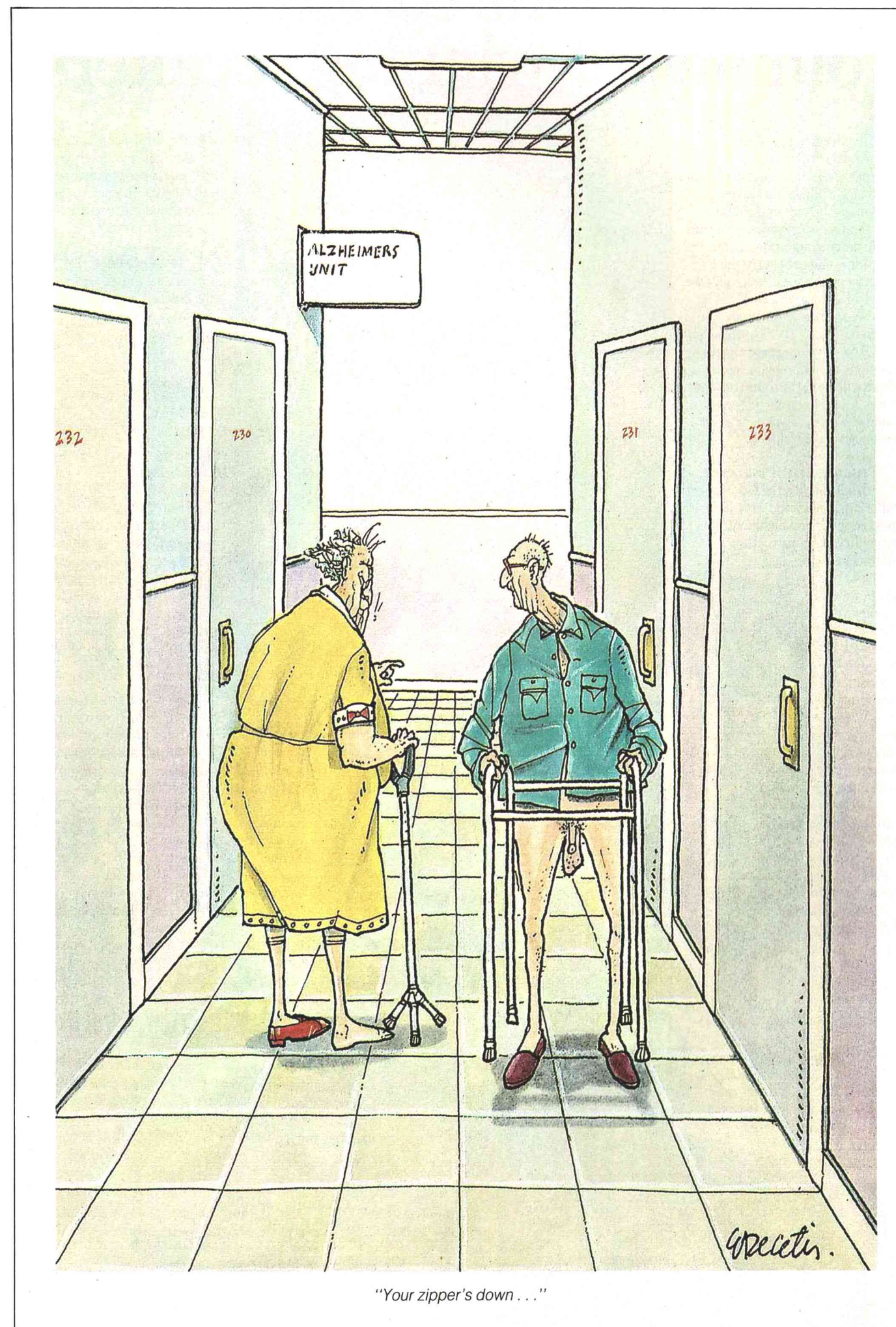
"Small world," Gary said, getting up. "Why don't you two go ahead and order dessert? I'll be right back."

When Gary was gone, Robert leaned toward me. "You look fantastic," he whispered. "If Gary weren't my best friend . . ."

That was just the start. After dinner we skipped the theatre and went straight to a nightclub. I drank three or four cocktails and took turns dancing with my husband and his best friend. It was such a turn-on dancing with Robert and rubbing up against him whenever Gary wasn't looking. But no matter how many times I asked, Robert refused to slow dance with me. "You belong to Gary," was all he'd say.

Well, we didn't get home until two in the morning. I was tired, but there was no way I was going to call it a night — not yet. Gary suggested we go downstairs and watch a movie. That's when my anniversary party

Continued on page 104



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Tradition has its place. And our new Series 3 loudspeakers are as true as ever to the Mordaunt-Short traditions of craftsmanship, care and quality.

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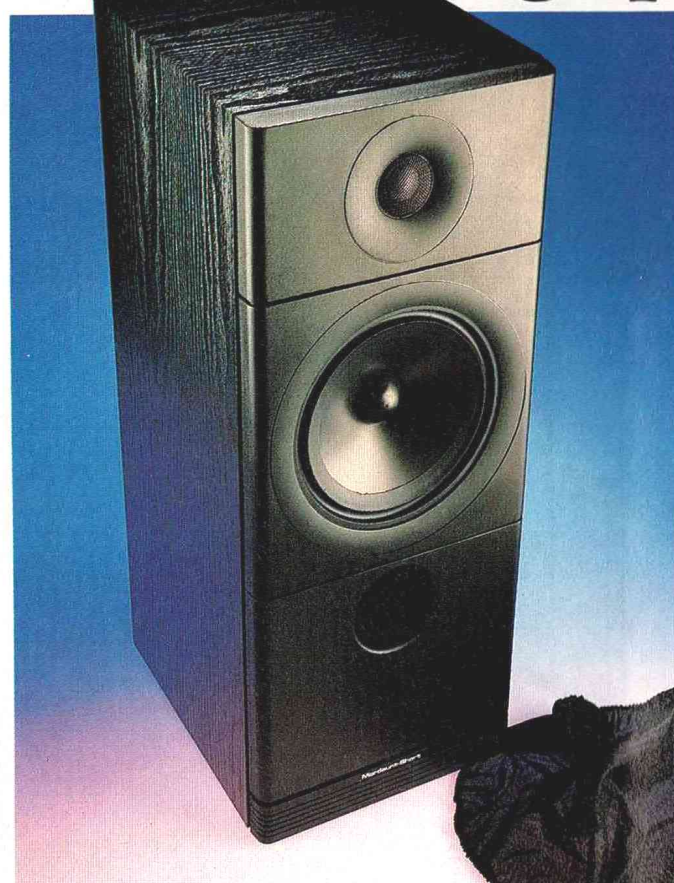
THE BAFFLE, FOR INSTANCE

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Our baffle is plastic moulded in polypropylene making it highly inert with considerable self-damping properties.

Which means we can add strengthening ribs and vary section thicknesses at strategic points, giving us a baffle which is both lighter and more rigid.

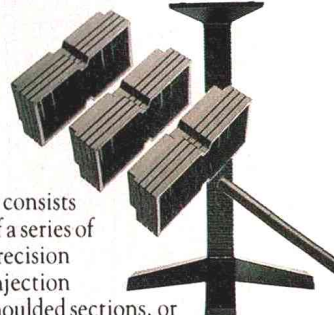
We can incorporate performance-enhancing geometries not practicable with conventional woodworking techniques, we can design components for function, rather than manufacturing ease and then fit everything together with the sort



cooling, whilst common to all speakers, are extremely uncommon in terms of performance and reliability with piston operation to beyond audibility enhancing the top end of the range.

IT'S A PEACH

The stand we've designed for the Series 3 speakers is possibly the most innovative feature of all.



It consists of a series of precision injection moulded sections, or 'vertebrae', which slot together to give a readily adjustable height, providing a structure of which the rigidity and freedom from unwanted resonances is unparalleled by more conventional methods.

JUST ONE MORE THING

We haven't mentioned the grille. Which has had as much care and invention accorded it as any feature of the Series 3.

It is a fine open weave mesh with no frame to cause diffraction, so it can be left in place (it arrives in position on your speaker) with no fear of reduced performance.

Or if you prefer, you can remove it.

The Series 3 grille is designed rather like a hair net with elastic edges which fit snugly into a groove around the loudspeaker cabinet.

SO THERE YOU HAVE IT

Our new Series 3 loudspeaker range. An award-winning combination of traditional standards and innovative technology.

of tolerances that make accurate assembly a reality every time.

of the composite baffle is not being compromised.

NOT ONE, BUT TWO...

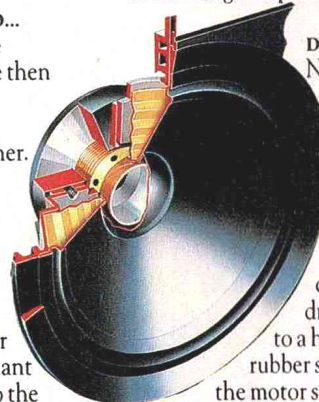
Having devised the polypropylene baffle, we then went one better.

Two baffles.

One behind the other.

One structural, one cosmetic, made of two different – yet each eminently appropriate – materials with a small air gap sandwiched between upper and lower baffles providing a resonant behaviour far superior to the conventional one-piece baffle.

The upper baffle has its cushy, its sole purpose being to look good, secure in the knowledge that the mechanical performance



so as to minimise asymmetric pressure distortion. As you move up the range, so does the specification.

Which is true also of the aluminium dome tweeter. Its special suspension, braided voice-coil connections and ferrofluid

POSITEC PROTECTION

It's not new, but the POSITEC protection circuitry on all Series 3 speakers safeguards, inaudibly, against drive equipment overload or malfunction.

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Winner



WHAT HI-FI? AWARDS

What Hi-Fi? had this to say of the MS3.10 "...a build integrity and finish never seen in a speaker at this price."



S E X

F R O N T

FUR BETTER OR WORSE

Now that the wearing of fur coats is considered a tasteless social outrage on a par with packing cellulite into a string bikini, we women are turning to the next best thing. Instead of swathing ourselves in the dead pelts of poor little critters, we're opting for the larger, living hairy animal. Yes, latest trends indicate that it's bad news for the smooth-as-a-baby's-bum brigade and purple patch time for men who shampoo and condition all over. King Kong rules, hirsute is cute, and Cousin It is looking good.

It's all down to this recession, according to the pundits. The cultural anthropologists report that in times of economic hardship, fashion turns to gender extremes. For we women, that means the return of the Ultra-Femme: cleavage, uplift padded bras, wasp-waisted dresses, the full waxed box and dice, dangerous curves, mini skirts and sky-high heels. For men, the fashion requires nothing as painful, expensive or downright chilly in brisk weather. In fact, to be a man in

women will go ape. You know what slaves we are to fashion.

My own circle of female friends has tumbled to the appeal of the bear-like bloke in these bear-market times. Even women who spent the last

attracted to caveman lookalikes because they strike us at some primeval level as hunters/providers. We pondered our former naive attraction to callow hairless youths and laughed at our lack of feminine



Why are women going ape over hairy men?

vogue at the moment you needn't spend a zack. Unlike the pinstriped silk boxer shorts, \$80 red braces and designer everything that were the *de rigueur* of yuppified yesterday, the He-Man look of the straitened Nineties requires nothing more than a hair shirt, the woollier the better. The time of The Man Who's Not Afraid To Be A Man has arrived; so go ahead, let loose the masculine beast within, rip the tops off a few tinnies, fart and belch and scratch your arse – as long as it's good and hairy – and

decade stridently proclaiming a complete lack of sexual interest in well-pelted specimens are now sheepishly admitting that they're kinda hunky after all.

But condemn us not as blind and mindless followers of fickle fashion. We gave this hairy man phenomenon some really deep thought. We analysed that subconsciously we're

discernment. We saw the folly of Delilah in barbering the mighty Samson and we realised that with female maturity came new awareness of the true essence of masculinity: the Real Man is the Shag Pile Man.

It was a beautiful, hairy epiphany that left us all pink and glowing. Then we ordered another round of

Illustration by Draios Zak

daiquiries and started squealing about Mel Gibson's furry backside and what it would be like to run barefoot through the man mink all over Robin Williams.

Aside from all that, the hirsute partner offers additional advantages for we modern gals:

- In winter, the hairy man keeps his woman warmer.
- In summer, masculine body hair soaks up sex sweat that would cause two hairless bodies rubbing together to make those disgusting slurpee sounds.
- A man with a natural mohair suit needs neither a tan nor terrific torso to look good and sexy. Hair masks a blemish here or a lack of muscle tone there and it retains all those male pheromones that drive us wild with desire.
- Any time, lying naked beside a hairy man makes a woman feel more female. The juxtaposition and entanglement of a hairy male body and a smooth female one is classic

sensual imagery. *Vive la difference*, and all that.

All of the above may mean diddysquat to the man who has endured a lifetime of nicknames like "The Missing Link" or "Teen Wolf." Many such men ritually go to great lengths to shave, pluck and wax what Mother Nature coated them with and what women have turned their noses up at.

One place that has seen more hairy men than a *Planet Of The Apes* film festival is Sydney's Face Of Man Clinic. It is a salon that might more accurately be named The Bum Of Man, as owner Nancy Baliman says that more than half her business consists of "genuine macho men" sloping along to have hair removed from their shoulders, backs and backsides.

Nancy is appalled that so many men resort to shaving their unwanted body hair which, as they ought to know from shaving their fizzes daily, causes hair to grow back

"In winter, the hairy man keeps his woman warmer."

coarse and prickly. Many girls will come at a fleecy arse on a man, but a stubbly one is something else again. Yurk!

Did Julius Caesar concern himself with such nonsense? "Caesar" has come to mean king or emperor, but the original Latin meant "The Hairy Bastard." Even if it had been around before Brutus parted that back hair to stick the knife in, Julius would have had better sense than to nick his girl's depilatory cream/mousse/gel, which, in whatever form, is a foul chemical concoction that fizzes away irritably for half an hour and makes the next generation of hair determined to wreak revenge by growing strongly in different directions beneath the skin. But a lot of blokes use this stuff.

Waxing makes regrowth somewhat softer and finer and if you keep it up there's a chance that the hair will go away forever. It also hurts like buggery. Electrolysis is fine for killing a few stray strands on the back or between the eyebrows, but for Big Jobs it is inadvisable for anyone but extraordinarily rich masochists.

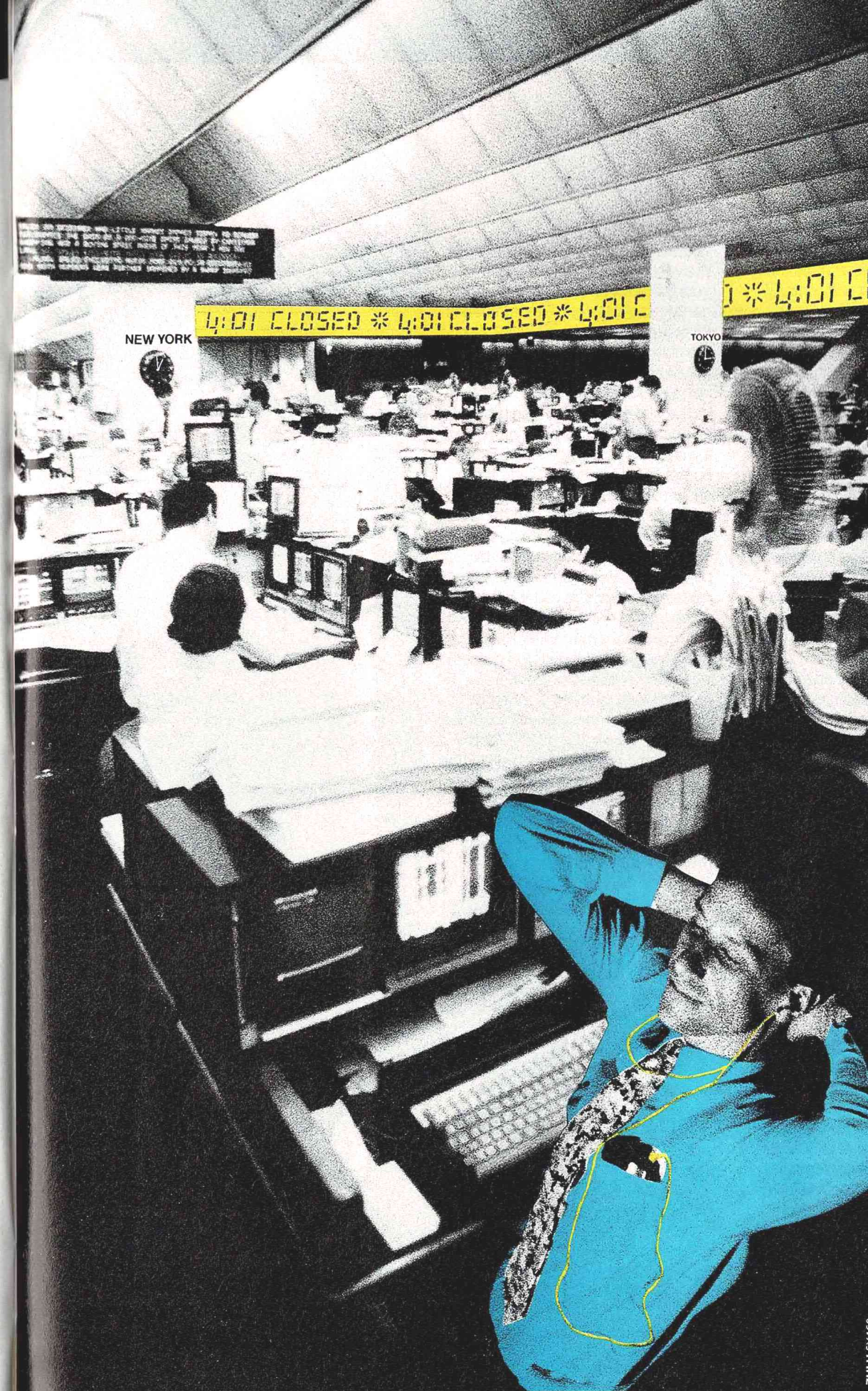
Understandably, Nancy and her staff eye the hairy man fashion with some apprehension. Is the bottom about to fall out of the hair removal biz?

After all that, the smooth operators out there may be feeling a bit left out. Remember, though, that fashion is a fickle mistress. You and your time will come again. This year hairy Gronk, next year who knows? Niki Lauda? But you furry blokes stand proud, stalk the streets with your shirts off, play the hirsute horny hunk to the hilt, suck in those fleecy abdomens, thrust forward those gloriously sexy matted chests... Excuse me, I have to go and lie down for a moment. —

Jean Norman



Illustration by Drahos Zak



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SONY
THE ONE AND ONLY

GONE FISHIN'

In Tasmania, Australia's wild and woolly pubic region that gave unto the world Errol Flynn and Stumpy Boon, you can be forgiven for thinking that the rivers run with neat testosterone. The rivers they haven't dammed, anyway. That Little Apple may be home to more quaint curio shops and cream tea houses than you can flap a doily at, but borrowed British gentility is not the essence here. The Real Tassie, with its crazy quilt of exquisite wilderness, badlands and climatic extremes, is a huntin', shootin', fishin' kind of place. A place where the season on fallow deer runs through April, the season on duck from March to June, on trout October to April and on greenies . . . hell, on them longhairs, any time's open season.

But here we are concerned with Tassie trout, the good fishing, good eating fat boys that flourish in so many of this state's small streams and serene lakes. We're talking sleek wild browns aplenty, but rainbows enough too for a fisherman's pot of gold. It may not have been scientifically established, but it's a good bet that there are more trout than people in Tasmania — whether you base the figures on the 450,000 population, or even on a head count.

There are a number of factors that set Tasmania's wild trout fisheries apart from the trout waters of the mainland and the renowned fishing grounds of New Zealand. Tassie's lakes and streams are unpressured and simply contain more fish than those on the mainland, for starters, and most of the best and most diverse fishing can be had within a relatively compact area — the Central Plateau, the windswept upland that forms the state's wild heart. These stark and wildlife-rich

In Tasmania, men are men and trout are nervous

highlands are pocked by no less than 3000 lakes and tarns. And while New Zealand offers excellent fishing in fast clear rivers and streams, it is also more tourist-intensive and

consequently in some places you're likely to see more fishos catching *your* fish. Out on any of Tasmania's gorgeously desolate Western Lakes, by contrast, you may truly feel like the only fisherman on Earth and you may watch alone the spectacle of rising and tailing fish.

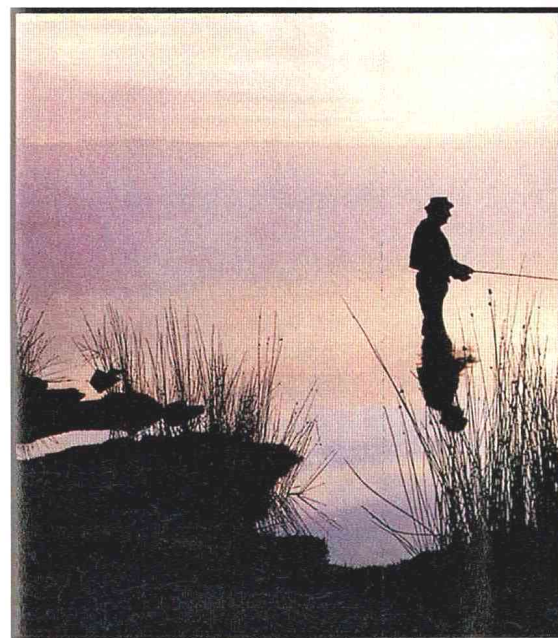
The phenomenon of tailing trout, at its peak here in the spring months, is a wondrous and oddly sensual sight. Foraging in the shallows, the trout show their backs and tails clear of the water. They wiggle and dance within reach, as if performing a sexy come-on to fishermen. It must be beheld to be believed and the best place in the world to see it is on these lake shores in Tassie.

Ah, and it's a man's life, fishin' down there: a hairy-chested domain into which sheilas and poofters proceed with caution. In those reaches, home to hillbillies, wallabies, wombats, devils and deer — and some of the friendliest real folk in this land — the traditional gulf between tits and tackle is wide. But as this writer found, it is not unbridgeable. Your correspondent (who sits down when she takes a pee) spent four

Photo by Tim Simpson



Photo by Tim Simpson



angling, that rules the ripples. Each year the season here on ever-changing waters offers a moveable feast for the flyboys — from the tailing time, through the massive and varied insect hatches of mid-November to mid-February, and for the duration, stream fishing, and polaroiding (sight fishing for cruising trout with the aid of polarised glasses) on clear, bright days in crystal shallows.

Apart from an odd mix of visiting bushwalkers and gun-toting hunters, the central highland region is troutie territory. Everywhere you look there are images of trout and outdoorsy types holding dead trout. Placemats, bathroom tiles, pillowslips, you name it, they're all decorated with

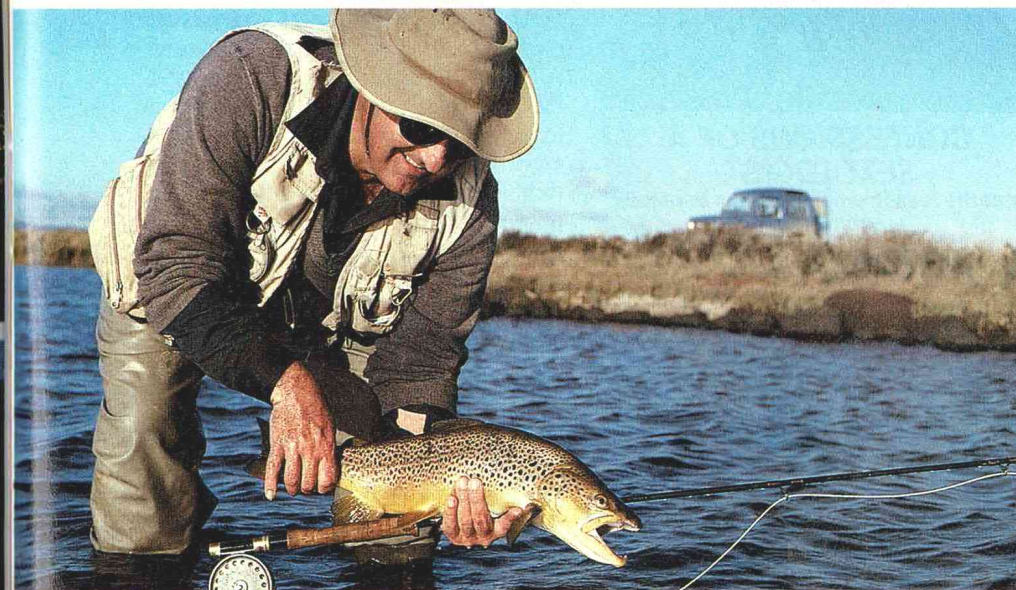


Photo by Tim Simpson

days wetting a line (by casting it, by the way, not by pissing on it) in some of those lakes with a group of five men organised by fishing travel specialists Mayfly Travel. And let me tell you, prior to the trip it was a close-run thing as to who was more apprehensive about the exercise; me or them. It was with admirable fatalism that Mayfly Managing Director Mark Fraser, 33-year-old obsessive fisho son of former PM Malcolm, took a woman journalist along. He, more than most, perhaps, has embraced the philosophy that life wasn't meant to be easy.

And neither was fly fishing. While spinners and trollers revel in the bounty of this region, it is the ancient and gentle art of fly fishing, the most purist and lore-steeped form of

piscatorial porn to whet the appetites of the 4000 or so trout-madmen who take out fishing licences here each year, and the shores of many of the larger of the plateau's lakes bristle in patches with tiny private fishing shacks peopled by worshippers of you know what.

For visitors, the town of Miena on The Great Lake, hub of the plateau (and location of the pub) is the ideal base. Here excellent accommodation is available at The Compleat Angler Lodge, a complex of spacious self-contained motel rooms surrounding a good licensed restaurant, bar and sitting room with comfy leather chesterfields and log fire. It is in this sort of trouty club room that fishos gather to warm bum cheeks and talk of strikes, fights and flies, and of the

big bastards that got away . . . all beneath the plaster-cast gaze of a voluptuous 11.5 kilo brown that didn't get away in nearby Crescent Lake in 1988.

For a reasonable hourly rate, the Compleat Angler Lodge provides a professional fishing guide with 4WD and boat to cart you to the places where they're risin' and bitin', and they'll put the requisite angling gear in your hand should you need it. It is not obligatory to engage a guide, but for newcomers and best fishing value, it's advisable. The area's best respected fishing guide is one John Fox, operator of Topline Trout Tours; raconteur, rake and cordon bleu master of the apres-angling fried breakfast.

At the pinnacle of the accommodation scale in these parts is London Lakes Lodge, an exclusive (ten guests maximum) and magnificent highland style chalet in field stone and pine, with an international reputation for intimacy and perfection in its accommodation and gourmet cuisine and wines. For fly fishermen only, this private wonderland comprises 5000 acres of some of the most eyeprickingly beautiful and wildlife-abundant territory anywhere, and offers the gamut of fly fishing situations on three man-made lakes alive with wild browns up to three kilos. Envisioned and created by champion flyfisherman Jason Garrett and his wife Barbara, London Lakes is a tourism award winner and an oasis of true gentility.

But back to blokedom. By way of bragging conclusion, the records show that this sheila caught seven trout — bigguns, too. So the moral of this fish tale may be thus writ: *Jeeezus*, if a potato peeler can catch trout in Tassie, any mongrel can. (Truth be told, I caught my fish not on a fly but by spinning and trolling. And yea, though it is etched in the flyfishing Bible that spinners are sinners, I reckon bugger the purists. Let the fisho without sin peg the first pebble.) — C.J. Mackay

For more information on fishing Tasmania, brochures and bookings, contact Mayfly Travel on (03) 670 0444, (008) 339 460. Fax: (03) 670 1756.

NEW! Just published!

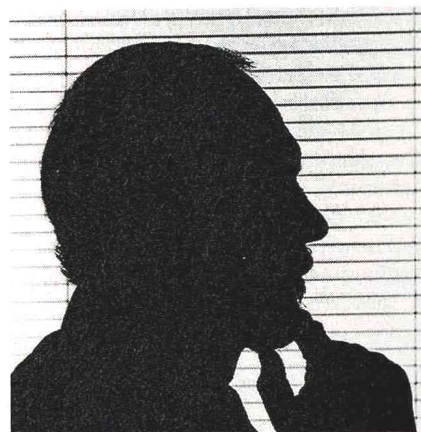
Everything you thought you knew about sex is no longer true.

What a sexologist does in bed

(25 hints about sex in a book that will change your sex life)

- If you are a woman, this book will help you hold on (and really hold on) to your man.
- If you are a man, you will discover techniques which will help you to become a much sought-after sexual partner.

1. How to stimulate sexual desire in a woman — without her knowing it.
2. Two little-known techniques for accelerating the female orgasm.
3. How any woman can now *easily* learn to use her "magic muscles" — and so greatly increase her partner's pleasure.
4. How to increase your partner's appetite for sex.
5. What women really look for in sex.
6. The total orgasm consists of three phases: how to trigger them.
7. How to prolong the duration of the climax (itself worth the price of the book).
8. The trick used by Japanese women to make fellatio irresistible.
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16. A simple and absolutely certain way of finding the G spot (the Grafenberg orgasm).



CONFESSIONS OF A SEXOLOGIST
(and the reason why he wishes to remain anonymous)

17. A new and easier way of prolonging intercourse as much as you want.
18. What a sexologist does when a partner is unable to climax (or the secret weapon for making a woman orgasm *every time*).
19. How to avoid a mistake that the vast majority of men make during their first sexual experience.
20. What causes sexual desire, and how to make it happen (comparative reactions of a woman and a man).
21. The favourite sexual fantasy of most men.
22. The recipe for an aphrodisiac that really works every time (and how to prepare it yourself).
23. How to have more powerful erections.
24. A little-known technique for appreciably increasing sexual pleasure.
25. An apparently innocent caress that excites most women.

How sexual awareness can change YOUR love life
Here, perhaps for the first time, is a book that tells you (and explains in the minutest

detail) exactly what to do — and how to do it.

In a moment I will reveal the amazing reason why the famous sexologist who wrote this book wishes to remain anonymous. But first of all let me tell you how this book can totally transform your love life.

First of all, you need to understand *thoroughly* the sexual needs of your partner, and to satisfy them beyond what he (or she) has experienced up until now.

The book teaches you how to maximise desire, how to trigger excitement that borders on wildness, and then how to satisfy that desire, totally and utterly.

You will learn how to take your sexual partner to the peak of sexual pleasure. Although this book is aimed primarily at men, there is as much (or more) for women to learn. It is also a book that makes an excellent gift — especially if you want the techniques it contains to be used on you.

But there is more — much more. For example, this book also answers most, if not all, the embarrassing questions that you would like (but would probably never dare) to ask a sexologist.

All problems linked to sexuality are dealt with frankly, freely and totally accurately in simple language that everyone can understand: sexual practices previously considered perverse, impotence, homosexuality, sexual incompatibility, contraception, frigidity, sexual diseases, vitamins, hormonal creams and lotions, orgasms, inhibitions, masturbation, prostitution, and more.

Whatever problem you are interested in, you can be sure it is covered in a practical and in-depth manner. And as you will see, the replies are sometimes quite surprising.

You have perhaps guessed that the reason why the remarkable sexologist who wrote this book wishes to remain anonymous (and uses the pseudonym AIRGI) is because he has made certain revelations in the book and proposes sexual techniques that some fellow sexologists might resent.

To the best of my knowledge, no book has dealt before in the same detail, nor with as much experience, everything relating to sexual pleasure, techniques and desires. Nothing attracts the opposite sex more than a sexual virtuoso — now this book can help you become one, too.



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94% of people in France who examined "What a Sexologist Does In Bed", decided to keep it. It is because I know that you, too will want to keep this book that I feel confident in making you this free trial offer that comes with no obligation on your part whatever.

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Do not miss this unique opportunity. To obtain this book which will mark the start of a new era in your sex life and bring you renewed joy, all you have to do is complete and return the order form opposite. Do it now — that way you can be sure of not forgetting.

Jean Carpentier

Important

1. In view of the particular nature of this free 30 day trial offer, I can only guarantee it if you return your coupon within 10 days. After this date, orders will be dealt with strictly on a first-come, first-served basis while stocks last.

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That gives you ample time (30 days) to read (and put into practice) the information you receive.

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ONE WITH THE LOT

Indian adventure travel in the pure form of the art has come a long way since penniless students swapped stories about bouts of amoebic dysentery and altitude sickness suffered on a five-rupee-a-day trek in northern India. Trekking in India costs a heap these days, which is probably why it's back in fashion and generally a lot safer.

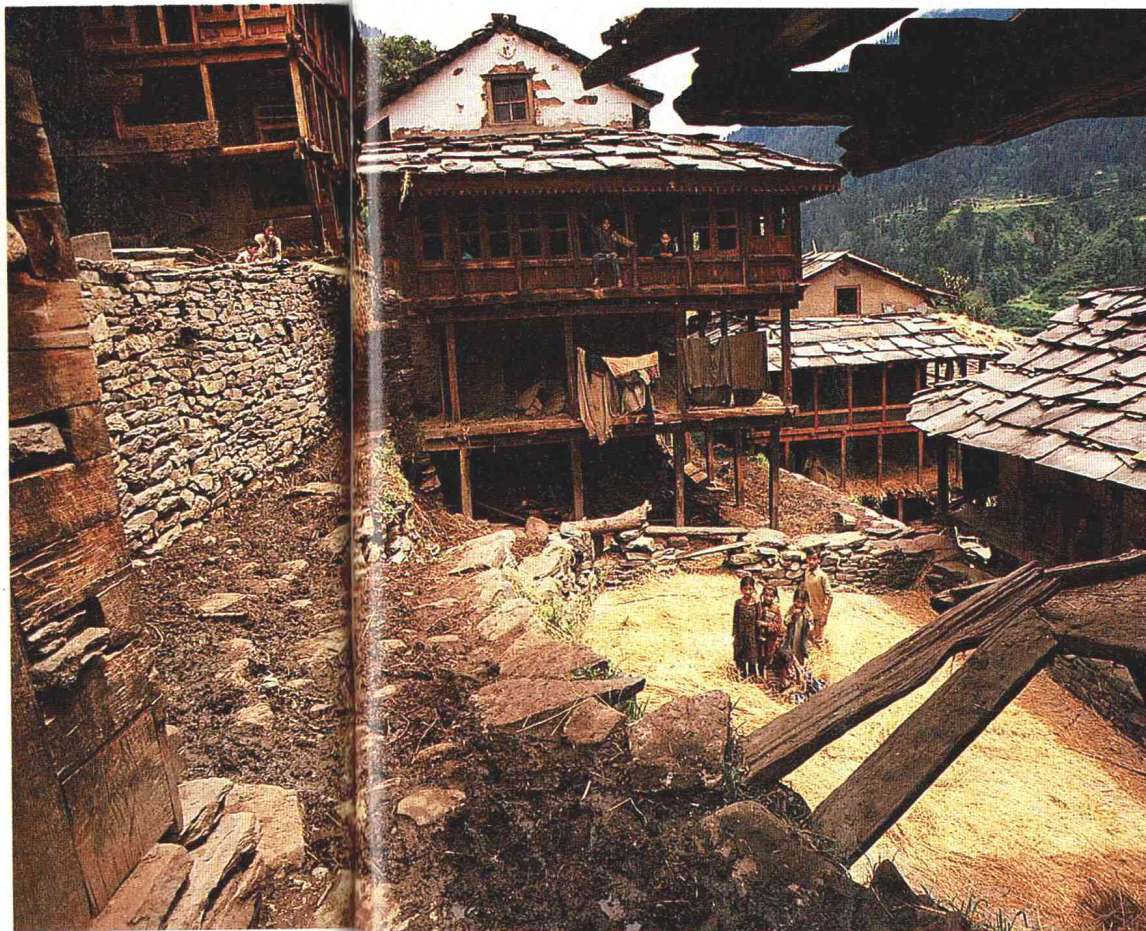
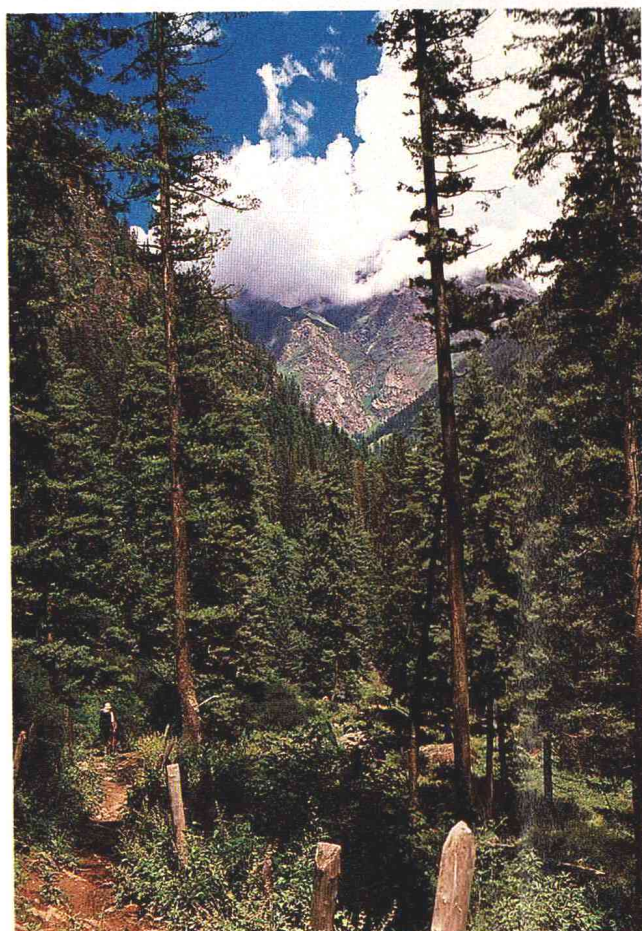
India also provides the ultimate in one-upmanship when it comes to announcing your skiing intentions. Think of the envy when you say you're going to Narkanda for the season instead of Aspen, Perisher or St Moritz — your friends will be too embarrassed to ask where it is.

Narkanda lies 72 kms north of Simla in the state of Himachal Pradesh, on Kipling's famous Hindustan-Tibet Road, soaring skywards nearly 3000 metres. From the nearby peak of Hathu, you can see the beginning of the great river systems that end in the Indus and Ganges, while wallowing in the 360-degree view of the Himalayas. Narkanda is only an overnight journey from Delhi and it's possible to squeeze in a weekend at rates that are easily the lowest in the world.

The ski season in Narkanda starts in January and lasts into the first week of April. European cross-country skiers have discovered new challenges in the surrounding pine forests, the latest snob activity to boast about in the discos of Munich. Beginners are well catered for and the government run-classes hire out equipment that would make a Perisher ski lodge owner blush. When the thaw sets in, white water rafting claims the attention of the intrepid. They have to be, the water is so cold instant numbness follows a spill.

Those in search of the Raj should join up at The Simla Club — seasonal membership 200 rupees (about \$15). In December and January, Blessington's Tennis Courts are iced over and become the Simla Ice Rink. Simla, more than anywhere else in India, retains a British feel, preserving buildings and architectural styles long forgotten in Britain. Winter is known as the season of "long moon nights" as the city glistens with frosts.

Skiing aside, Himachal Pradesh



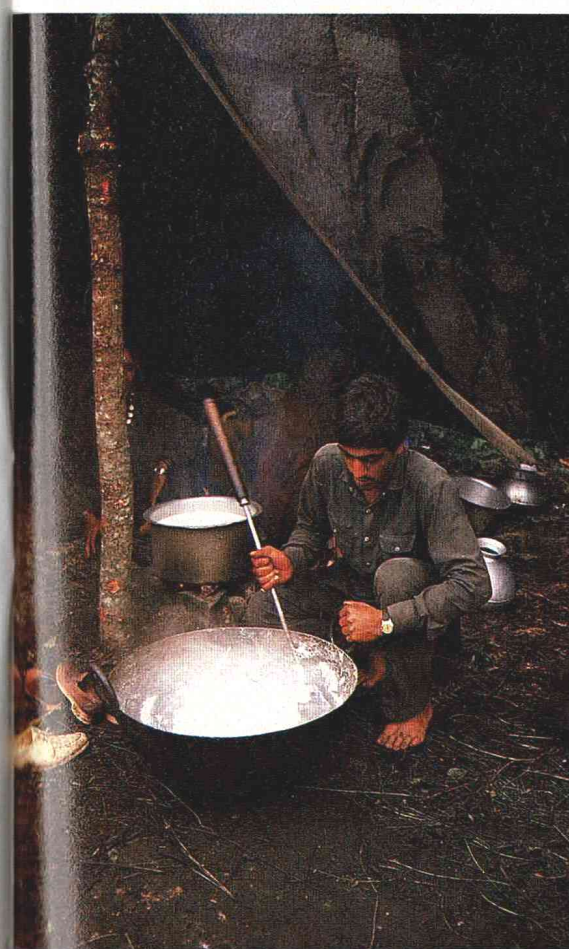
offers "countless opportunities" for trekking, as your local travel agent would say. There are many established routes that will keep you away from being bored by the sort of bearded fool for whom a trek is not a trek until you've faced death ten times. Most treks last between seven and 11 days and can be arranged on the spot, taking you past 4600m up the Himalayas. For those who are active, the only choice is the eight-day Dharamsala-Chamba via Lagakot trek. People speak in tongues of rapture after a pilgrimage to Lagakot, standing at 6000m at the foot of the Indrhar Pass on the almost narcotic Dhauladhar range.

Sherpa Expeditions run a series of Himalayan treks, with very reasonable prices ranging from just over \$2000 (land content only) for journeys of 20 days or more. All have impossibly big romantic names — "In the Footsteps of the Gaddi, the noadic shepherds of the Western Himalayas" and "To the Lake of the Moon," the classic Himalayan trek featuring the ultimate "roof of the

You needn't be a macho man for adventure travel in India

world view." Fortunately, you only need to be "reasonably active" for the 29-day trek to Nanda Devi, at over 8300m, the jewel in the crown of the Indian Himalayas.

India has one of the richest collections of wildlife parks in the world, yet the African safari trade, if you'll pardon the remark, still gets the lion's share of attention. Indian wildlife tours are more for the thrill-seeker than the fat-bummed European tourist viewing complacent rhinos on the side of the road in a clapped-out African bus. In India, deep jungle is the animals' habitat and rangers can't guarantee the roundup of herds of anything. Game viewing Indian-style remains a



stalker's game.

There are nine tiger-rich areas to be explored. The largest region is the Nagarjunasagar in Andhra Pradesh, a mixture of forest and rugged hills on the Krishna River. Those in search of the Greater Indian one-horned rhinoceros should head for Assam and the Kasiranga National Park, wedged between the Brahmaputra River and the Mikir Hills. The dense jungle of Nagahole National Park near Mysore hides leopards, tigers and elephants.

As the guest speaker at the 300th



anniversary of Yale University, Prince Charles once confessed that the last time he'd given a speech to so many people, the audience comprised 40,000 Gujarati cattlemen. Gujarat also claims the limelight for its possession of the Lions of the Gir. Early in the century these white lions, with a bigger tail tassel, bushier eyebrows and a smaller mane than their African counterparts, numbered less than a hundred.

Numbers have now increased but it's still a journey into a vanishing world of open scrub country, dry tropical thorns and evergreen jungle to try to catch sight of these magnificent beasts and the panther and the Indian crocodile. — Elisabeth King

Thai Airways International flies to Delhi five times a week from Sydney via Bangkok. Economy return airfares begin at \$1547. For further information on Indian adventure travel, contact the Government of India Tourist Office, 17 Castlereagh Street, Sydney 2000. 

Photos courtesy AAP

RAY'S OF HOPE

Is that a glimmer of sunshine I see on the horizon? Why, it could even be a pot of gold but, by gee, there are a lot of clouds, traps and pitfalls around it. Still, people don't stick a pot of gold in the middle of a field without the odd anti-personnel device planted nearby.

We're talking property trusts, my friends; and we're talking money. But you're going to have to be brave and possibly patient — and you're going to need an appetite for homework. Then, given a modicum of luck, you might get yourself a nice little earner.

Tiptoeing through the minefield of property trusts

You probably know the background: when the sharemarket fell over in 1987 a lot of the "smart money" went into property; and a lot of dumb money too, which, as is its tendency, stayed a mite too long. When the property market burned out, the punters went along to their friendly unlisted property trust and asked for their money back. As there were too many people asking for their money back, the property trust managers were looking at having to sell some properties to meet the demand for redemptions. But what? Sell in this market? And ye gods! What if all the property trusts had the same problem, and all put their properties on the market at the same time? It would be a slaughter.

To avoid that disaster, the trusts froze. You could put in your redemption request but you wouldn't get paid, first for 30 days, then three months, then 12 months. Which only spooked the punters even more. The trusts were facing the prospect of a stampede, delayed for 12 months.

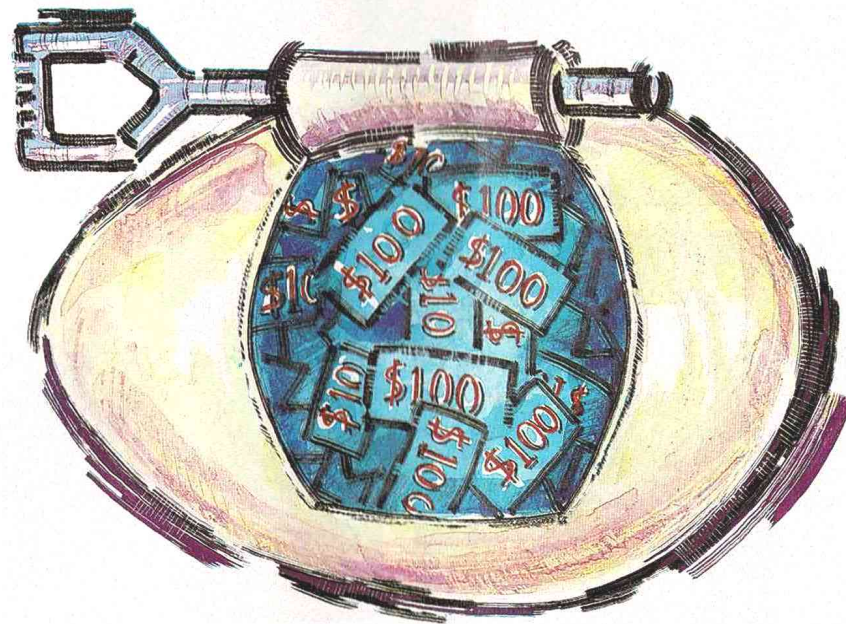
One of the ways out of this debacle was to list the property trust units on the Stock Exchange. Unit holders who wanted their money back could then sell out to the investing public.

At the time of writing, the Stock Exchange was still working on the finer points of this proposal, but had

agreed in principle to the idea. However, it added a proviso that, as well as trading the units on the exchange, the trusts had still to offer the guaranteed buy-back where unit holders could apply for redemption and get their money back after a waiting period. This would require 12 months' notice.

Also, the guaranteed buy-back would be at the net tangible asset backing (ie, the actual value of the properties in the trust divided by the number of units on issue) prevailing at the time of redemption — not at the time of placing the redemption request.

Thus, if an unlisted trust decides to list on the Stock Exchange, unit holders have two options: they can put in a redemption request and get full asset value in 12 months' time; or they can take what they can get on the Stock Exchange on the day they decide to sell. Unit holders trading on the Exchange might do so because



they need their money now, or because they think that, if they request redemption, the asset backing of their trust might fall even further while waiting out the 12 months.

For good trusts, the latter prospect is unlikely. Industry analysts are of the opinion that the market has bottomed out and won't go any lower.

So the likelihood is that those units that come on to the stock market will be from distressed sellers and pessimists grateful for what they can get. If there's a lot of them, they may

not get much at all. Most people are suggesting a 20 to 30 percent discount to asset backing.

This would be a good bet for buyers willing to punt on being able to get the same, or possibly more, asset backing on a redemption 12 months down the track.

The discount on the property trusts most likely to meet redemptions and not reduce asset backing any further is going to be less than discounts offered on "iffier" propositions. In theory, the market price of the better trusts will tend to equal the interest rate plus a couple of points for risk.

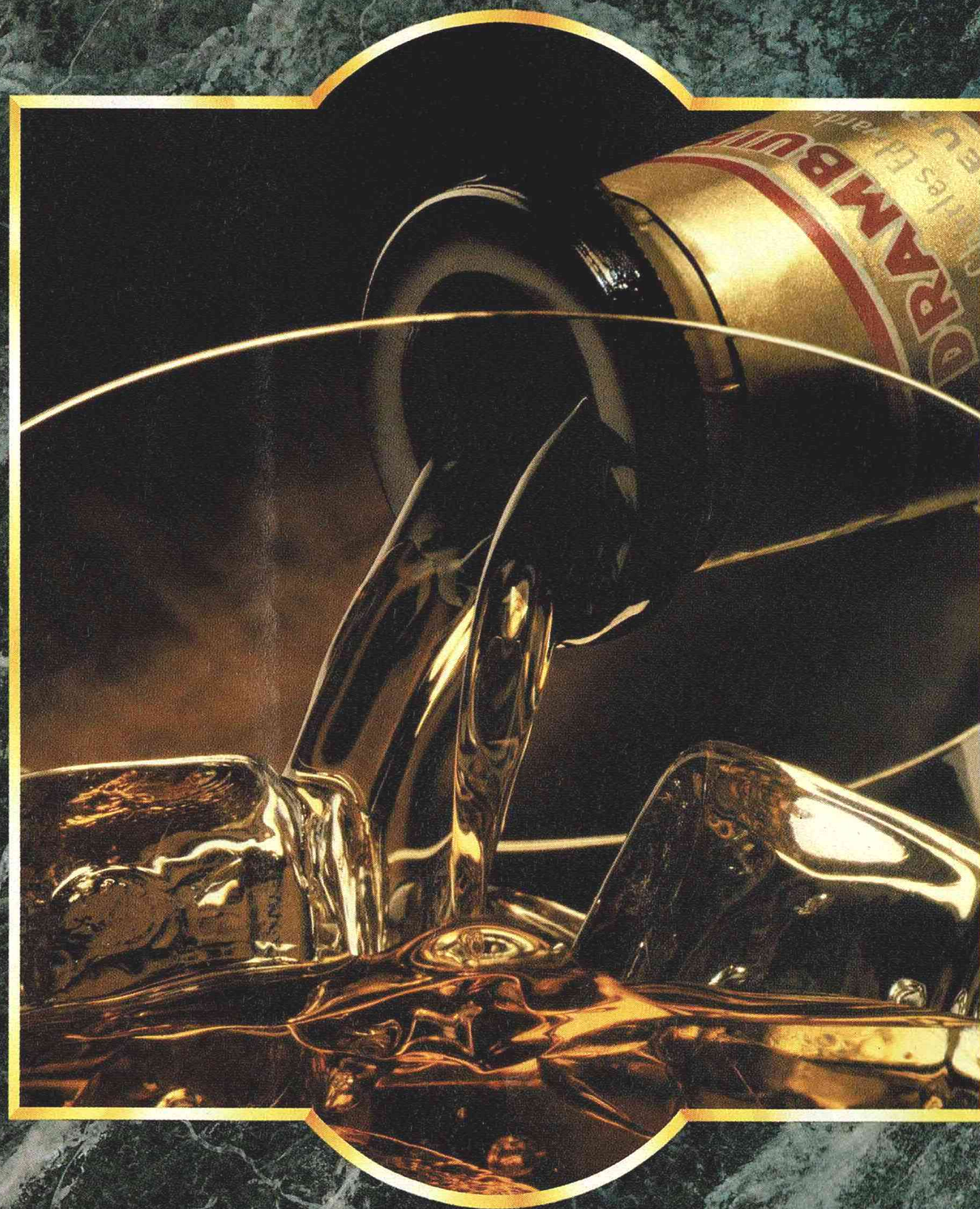
As the market isn't perfect, this may or may not happen. Alternatively, you could rummage through the bargain basement units — the ones the market reckons aren't so hot. Forget about redemption in 12 months and look further ahead. There could be some really good properties there, but it

could be a few years before their true value is realisable. Take the long view, and you could be looking at a good turn.

This is because you'd be buying property already marked down to rock bottom with another 20 to 30 percent slashed off that. As long as the property trust is able to hold off large asset sales — and that's what listing is designed to avoid — and stay in the game, then once the market has turned, you'll be able to get your money back, plus more. —

David Quicksilver ○✚

Illustration by Robert Purnell



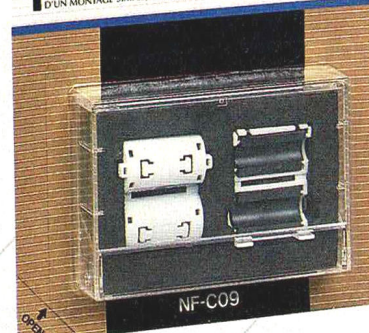
A TIME TO REFLECT.

FAVOURITE GLASSWARE CHILLED WITH ICE. THE 'GOLDEN NECTAR FROM SKYE' GENTLY CASCADING INTO THE NIGHT. REFLECTIONS OF GOOD TIMES SHARED.

DRAMBUIE

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If you always thought digital music was free from noise or interference, TDK has news for you. In fact, the process of converting digital data into something your loudspeakers can handle is inherently noisy so TDK has come up with a simple and affordable solution. It's called the Digital Noise Absorber (no prizes for originality here) and you get two in a packet to clip over the output cables from the CD player (or DAT deck). A propriety ferrite core soaks up the digital dross before it reaches the amplifier and you end up with crystal clear sound. What's more, a modest \$24.95 buys this clever little device, but there's a \$100 improvement in the sonic performance of your CD machine. Available from specialist hi-fi dealers.

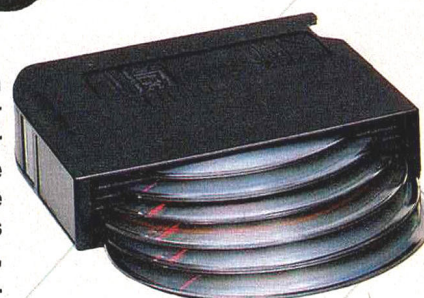
In-car audio systems are starting to get serious about sounding as good as home hi-fi. Clarion's CFX220 front end starts with a four-channel amplifier to power an autoreverse noise reduction and a tape search facility. The unit's AM/FM tuner has automatic station search and store with a total of 30 presets for instant recall.



A major victory for the promoters of the 8mm video format is Hitachi's decision to join the club. The company has introduced two 8mm camcorders of which the most interesting is the ultra-compact VM-EBE. Despite weighing a modest 800g and nestling comfortably in the palm of the hand, Hitachi's new baby boasts a 6X power zoom, hi-fi stereo sound recording and a fully adjustable viewfinder. Features include a high-speed shutter (with settings up to 1/10,000 second), AV fader, backlight compensation and built-in digital titling with colors. All this will set you back somewhere in the region of \$2100.



The CFX220, seen this page top, can be linked to a compact disc autochanger which holds six discs for long distance listening. It's located in the car's boot (or under a chair) where it's safely out of sight, but remote control is possible from the dashboard. Also in the interests of thwarting the light-fingered, the CFX220 is mounted in a quick-release cradle so it can be... well, quickly released. More details from AWA Distribution.



This has to be the ultimate in clock radios. Yamaha's stylish-looking YST-99CD incorporates a compact disc player, AM/FM tuner, a set of slim-line stereo speakers and tiny remote control which fits neatly into the pocket of your pee-jays. The two-way speakers can sit on a shelf or be mounted on the wall and they employ Yamaha's active servo technology (AST) which means they produce a lot of boom for such a little box. There's a host of alarm and timer functions which enable you to wake up to your favorite CD track at a volume which gently massages the eardrums (or blows them out, if you prefer). Yamaha Music Australia is the distributor.



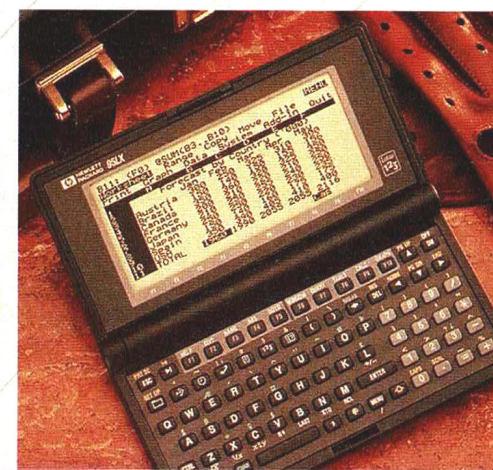
At last a simple, no-hassle method of transferring 35mm slides and negatives to video tape. The Tamron Fotovix III looks like a mini photo enlarger and it operates in exactly the same way except it outputs to a video recorder or TV and can be operated in broad daylight. A neg/pos switch converts negatives to positive on-screen and it's possible to enlarge sections of the photo via a 3X zoom. There's even provisions for correcting color casts. A film carrier is supplied to hold the negatives flat while slides simply slot in and out. From Third Dimension Marketing in Sydney.



Canon's number two ION has nothing to do with golf, it's the company's second generation still video camera. Instead of using film, the Canon RC-260 records still pictures on a small floppy disk which has space for 50 frames and can be reused. These are viewed by connecting the camera to a TV and replaying the disk. The RC-260 is compact and weighs just 420g. It's gripped binocular style and is equipped with a built-in flash, single-frame or continuous recording and even an intervalometer for time-lapse sequences. During playback the camera can be fully remotely controlled and the images can be viewed in sequence or at random.



The first computers took up an entire floor, then came the desk-top, followed by the lap-top and now (drum roll), the palm-top. Hewlett-Packard's HP-95LX weighs just 312 g and it's compact enough to fit in a jacket pocket, but it's also powerful enough to run Lotus 1-2-3 and MS-DOS 3.22 along with a host of personal organiser tools. It employs a standard QWERTY keyboard with a separate numerical keypad so PC users will have no problem acclimatising. Read-outs are via an LCD screen and there's 512 kBytes of random access memory (RAM) for file creation and storage. A standard RAM card slot is provided for memory expansion and the HP-95LX connects to a variety of printers for creation of hard-copies. The base cost is \$1075 while a 128 kByte RAM card is priced at \$398.



PRICE BUSTERS

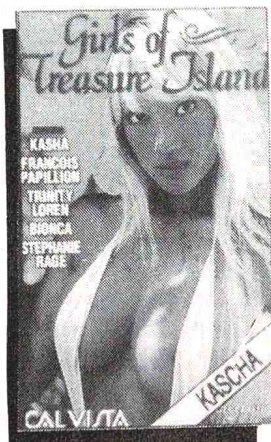
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SEX SAVINGS

THE DIRTY

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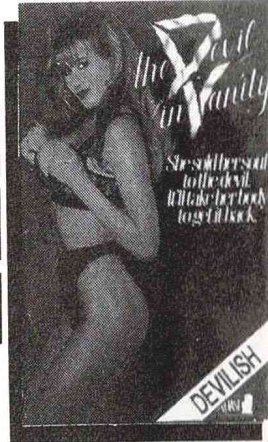
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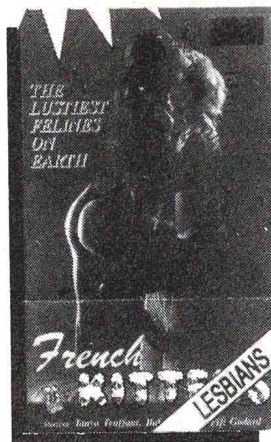
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DEAD AMBITIOUS

Are you working towards
a heart attack?

Would you describe yourself in these terms:

Ambitious — not just to do well, but to do better than others?

Hard working, not inclined to sit around and loaf?

Working evenings and weekends, to stay ahead?

Having a forceful speech manner, to make people pay attention?

Liking a challenge, something to grapple with?

Frustrated by inefficiency or incompetence in others?

You might well see yourself as working hard for your success, praised by the boss and nearly ready for your first heart attack. Hang on, what was that last bit? What's successful about having a heart attack? What, indeed?

The lifestyle summarised above is called the Type A Behavior Pattern (TABP). Two American heart specialists were puzzled at their lack of success in preventing heart attacks by getting their patients to stop smoking, or to lose weight, or to drink and eat sensibly, or to exercise regularly. They decided there must be a missing factor in heart disease, went searching, and found the TABP, a pattern based on competitive, aggressive ambition.

The problem with the TABP is that if you have it, you don't like to see it as a problem. You

resent the suggestion. The reason is that underneath the TABP you have a lack of self-esteem. You don't believe in your own success. No matter what you achieve, it's never enough. This accounts for the driven, workaholic nature of the TABP, searching for proof of your personal success but never satisfied with the proof you find.

More recent research has found that it is the TABP coupled with anger that contributes to your risk of a heart attack. If your TABP is not accompanied by much anger your heart may not be at risk. But don't heave too big a sigh of relief. Your next risk is divorce. The TABP creates empty marriages. You are either not at home because you're still at work, or your body is at home but your head's still at work. Either way, there's no-one for your spouse or family to relate to successfully.

In fact, this is how I usually come to see a TABP person clinically. Either he is one of the two-thirds who survive that first heart attack, or his spouse has packed her bags and rung the lawyer. Let me suggest that impending death or divorce are rather blunt instruments to use to motivate yourself into taking a critical look at your lifestyle.

Even if you manage to avoid those major pitfalls, you'll still find that the TABP makes you a

bad influence at work. Because people with a TABP set impossible goals for themselves, they do the same to everybody else. When others inevitably fall short of these impossible goals, the TABP person is likely to react with anger, upsetting others and generally lowering productivity.

You will notice I have been talking about a behavior pattern, not a personality type (as the TABP is often mislabelled). You develop a TABP by swallowing the myth that competition is what brings out your best performance. This is both a very popular myth and very wrong.

At least, it's wrong most of the time. It's right if you are facing a "zero-sum game" — a situation in which there can really be only one winner, such as a competitive sport. Then competition is the most appropriate strategy, and good luck to you. The problem is that most of life is not a zero-sum game. In most life situations, it is

"Death or divorce are blunt instruments to motivate a critical look at yourself."

not necessary for anyone else to lose in order for you to win. Then competition is not the most appropriate strategy. Co-operation gets better results.

This is not a pie-in-the-sky theory, but the result of scientific observation in many real situations. Co-operative work

people are more productive. Co-operative classrooms get better educational results. Co-operative airline pilots get more promotions. Co-operative airline agents sell more tickets. Co-operative business people get more promotions and higher salaries. That's right. In business, co-operators do better than competitors.

Let me make my point clear. I am not simply opposed to competition. When you really do face a zero-sum game, when there can only be one winner, get in there and compete. But think about it beforehand. Many of the situations you have been taught to approach competitively, on closer examination, will turn out to be non-zero-sum games. Everybody can win. Approach those co-operatively: "How can we resolve this in a way that suits us all?"

By having the option of both competing and co-operating, and the skill to adopt the approach best suited to the situation, you will maximise your personal success rate. But if you believe you can only ever win by making everyone else lose, you will be another victim of the TABP.

If personal success is not best achieved by beating everyone else, how do you achieve it? My definition of personal success is that you achieve largely what you are capable of, most of the time, in all important areas of your life. No one area of your life — like your job — is allowed to take up more than its fair share of your time and resources, causing you to neglect and fail in other important areas, like your marriage, your family or your health.

To enjoy personal success you don't have to beat others all the time. You do need to aim for your personal best in a balanced lifestyle.



Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

**Australian sport looks set to
become a barrister's banquet
and an administrator's
nightmare**

The lawyers are out and about, striding with giant and lucrative steps across the playing fields of our country. They're creating new precedents almost at will, setting a dazzling pace and bamboozling officialdom in all the major sporting codes.

Players and clubs are still reeling from the recent civil action Cronulla Rugby League captain Steve Rogers won against Canterbury's Mark Bugden after he was punched in the face by Bugden during a game back in March 1985. Meanwhile,

SPORT ACTIONS

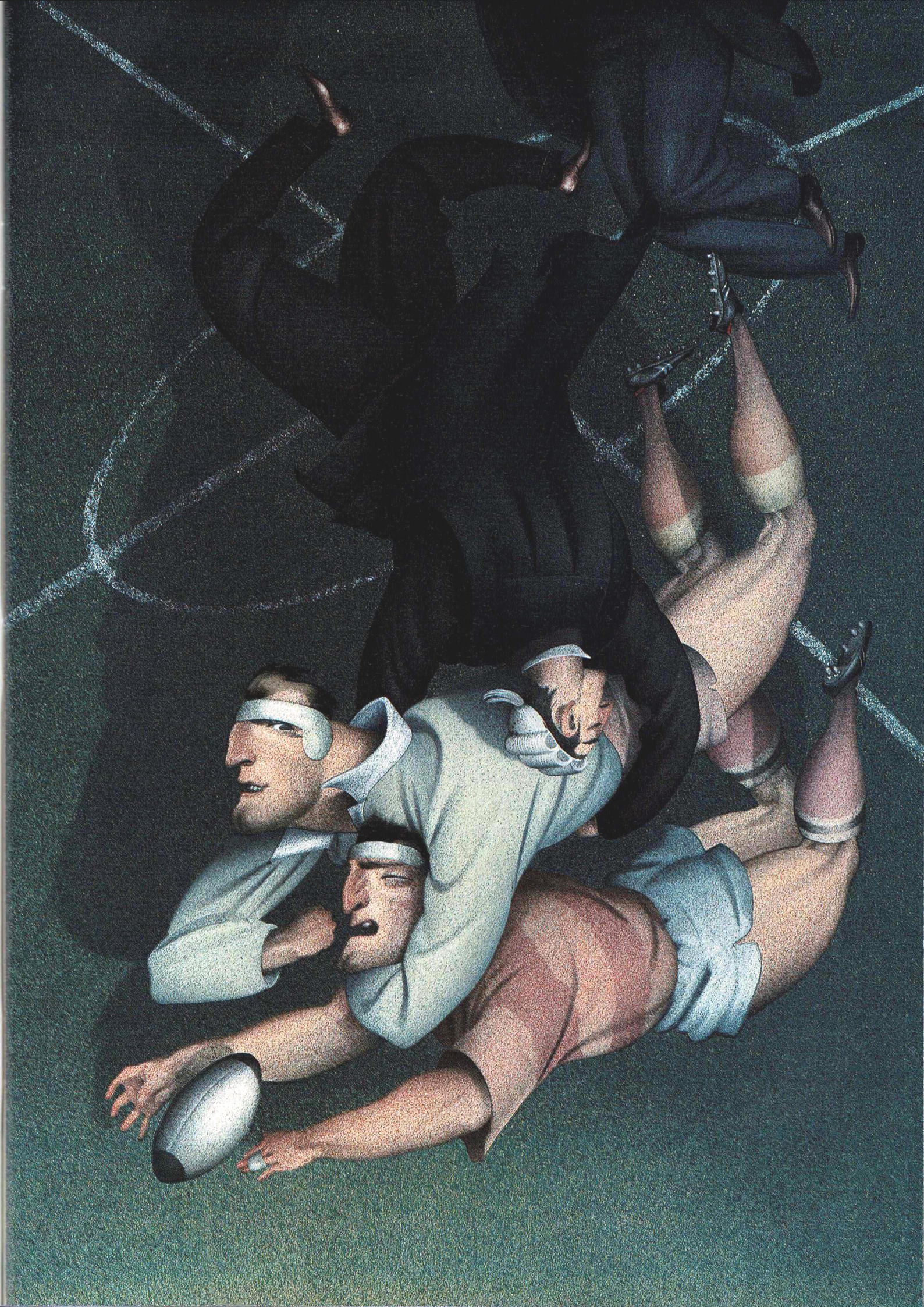
barristers are banking on US cases being repeated here. A Connecticut High School girl sued her gym teacher and the city after she broke a finger trying to catch a "pop fly" in a school softball game. She alleged that her teacher not only failed to instruct her in the art of catching, but also failed to warn her of the inherent dangers of playing in the outfield. A Philadelphia woman who claimed she had remarkable success in predicting the outcomes of sporting events stated that a brain X-ray had destroyed her psychic powers.

A jury awarded her US\$988,000.

Right now Australian lawyers are examining an American verdict which they believe will have significant ramifications in Australia. The case is *Tomjanovich V*

STORY BY ROY MASTERS

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN



SPORT ACTIONS

Californian Sports Inc.

Tomjanovich, a basketballer, received a \$US1 million settlement after his face was badly injured during a game in 1979. His club was held liable. Because it was a jury decision, meaning that no judgement was written, legal eagles can only guess at the reasons for the jurors' verdict. However, Australian lawyers have noted that the player who belted Tomjanovich had a record of on-court violence and the club may have been regarded as being negligent in employing him.

The Rogers judgement, where the former international was awarded \$68,000 in the Supreme Court in December last year for what Justice Lee called "an unlawful assault", came after Rogers was left with permanent numbness in his cheek, making him unable to kiss his wife and causing him to dribble uncontrollably. This case has links with the Tomjanovich verdict because Bugden's Canterbury club was also found guilty.

The Rogers case was significant, not only because it was the first major player versus player civil action in any professional sport to reach the Australian courts, but because it has been unusual in this country for an injured player to sue both an opposing player and his club. The legal difficulties of proving a club is impli-

cated in an action are immense, but the Tomjanovich case has given hope to fee-happy lawyers.

The Chairman of the NSW Rugby League Judiciary, Dick Conti QC, said after the Rogers verdict: "It seems to me that the prematch injunction by the then Canterbury coach Warren Ryan, that Rogers be taken out of the game, made the club vicariously liable. The judge obviously did not reject the evidence of then Cronulla coach Jack Gibson as hearsay."

(Gibson said he had been told by Canterbury Chief Executive Peter Moore that cases of Canterbury players appearing before the judiciary would decline with Ryan's departure to another club.)

Of course, Rugby League had seen many lapsed actions and out-of-court settlements before the Rogers case.

Mick Stephenson, a Penrith hooker and captain in the mid-Seventies, sought to take action against a rival coach. Stephenson had been told by a fellow Englishman playing under that coach that he'd heard the coach instruct a noted hitman to take the clever hooker out of the game.

If the allegation was proven, the coach would have been as liable as if he had tackled Stephenson himself. However, the action lapsed — possibly because the informant may have been unwilling to repeat the statements in court, but probably because Stephenson, one of the tightest

men on Earth, was unwilling to take the risk of having costs awarded against him.

The infamous Brohman versus Boyd action, following a State Of Origin game at Lang Park, Brisbane in 1983, was given all the publicity of a multiple slaying. Les Boyd, a NSW player, struck Darryl Brohman with his right elbow, breaking the big Queenslander's jaw. Later in the game Boyd was sin-binned and took the opportunity to visit Brohman in the dressing shed.

Brohman told him to "Get fucked."

Boyd was suspended by the NSW Rugby League judiciary for 12 months and the legal action was settled out of court. Boyd now concedes: "The case cost me about two years' football income." (However, rank hypocrisy surfaced when Channel Nine later used the incident to promote their State Of Origin game. The footage was run and rerun so often it was embedded in the psyches of young footy fanatics, more so than the adventures of Ninja Turtles and Bart Simpson are today.)

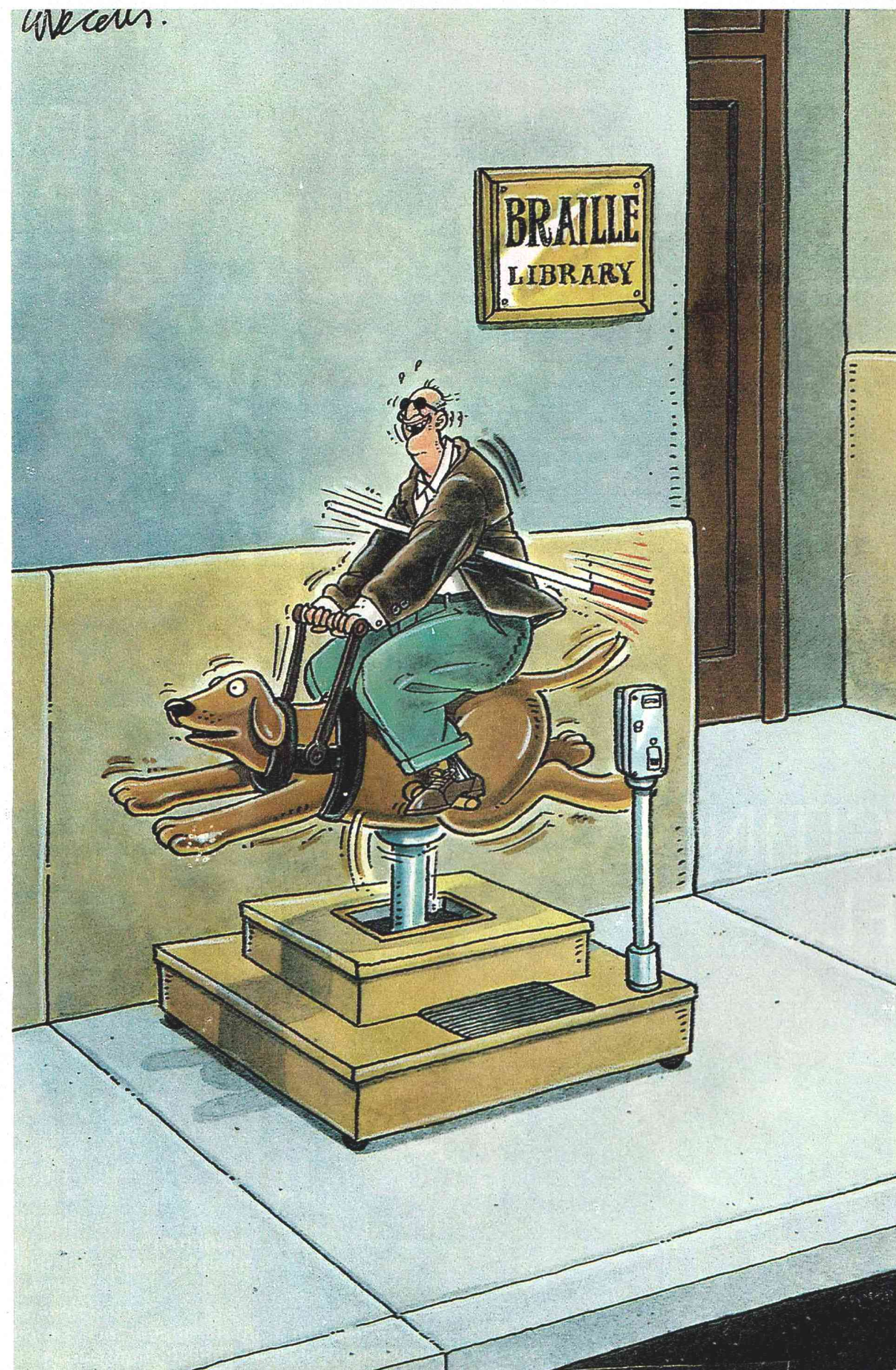
The Brohman-Boyd "connection" put an end forever to the notion that a footballer has to "cop it sweet" when injured illegally on the field.

Two years later police got into the act when Hawthorn Aussie Rules footballer (and now Collingwood coach) "Lethal" Leigh Matthews punched Geelong's Neville Bruns in the face during a VFL game, busting Bruns' cheekbone. The VFL suspended Matthews for four matches, but the Victorian Police subsequently fired in a criminal charge against him and Matthews was convicted of "occasioning actual bodily harm." The conviction was later quashed on appeal, and he was given a 12-month good behavior bond.

Even so, this was a watershed judgement in Australian sport because it brought home to administrators that sports are not sealed off by the boundary fence from the law of the land. Sporting officials knew that they were no longer solely entrusted with dispensing justice in their codes.

Precedent was established in British law by a judge's direction to the jury in a 1878 British soccer case which involved a fatal late tackle. *R v Bradshaw* is still accepted as a valid statement of the law: "... If a man is playing according to the rules and practice of the game and is not going beyond it, it may be reasonable to infer that he is not activated by any malicious motive or intention and that he is not acting in a manner which he knows is likely to be productive of death or injury. But, independent of the rules, if the prisoner intended to cause serious hurt to the deceased, or if he knew that in charging as he did he might produce serious injury, then the act would be unlawful. In either case, he would be guilty of a criminal act and you must find him guilty."

Yet it seems that only recently, people



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SPORT ACTIONS

who made their living out of sport (as I did coaching the Western Suburbs and St George Rugby League teams) saw the courts as a lottery. Perhaps it was the seemingly irrational results of defamation cases which clouded our thinking, because we could never understand how a vicious libel was dismissed while a minor criticism resulted in a huge pay-out. Judges were viewed almost as bewigged croupiers, twirling their roulette wheels while we waited anxiously to see if the marble landed on the red or the black. We could not escape the notion that these Victorian-era courts should have modern neon signs erected above, warning the innocent.

However, the Matthews and Rogers cases demonstrate that a body of law is evolving in Australia, giving consistency to judgements. The principles adhered to in these cases demonstrate clearly that the law of the land applies to the sporting field as much as it does to the surrounding back alleys.

At present before the Victorian courts is the *Wallace v Grinter* civil action. Terry Wallace, a Footscray AFL player, is seeking damages against Rodney Grinter, a Melbourne player. A similar case is *Shearer v French*, in which the Brisbane Broncos international League player, Dale Shearer, is taking action against Easts player David French over an incident that happened back when Shearer was playing for Manly.

Players have long argued that there is one law for televised games, where they're under the scrutiny of nine cameras, and another for the suburban game filmed by a one-camera operation that misses illegal acts in so-called "back play."

However, the most damaging incidents can be missed even in a Grand Final, demonstrating that if lawyers want to propel cases to the courts, they have a vested interest in technology catching up with the players.

Consider the most decisive moment of the 1988 Rugby League Grand Final - Sydney sport's showcase event, played at its brand new Football Stadium in the country's bicentennial year. In the 29th minute, with the Balmain Tigers leading 6-4, three Canterbury players tackled the Tigers' high-priced superstar English import, Ellery Hanley. Hanley had to be assisted from the field. After ten minutes he returned from the "head bin", but was so concussed he took no further part in the game.

Canterbury went on to win 24-12.

Next morning radio talkback was thick with invective while the tabloids were screaming for an investigation into the incident. Had a Canterbury player, Terry Lamb, taken Hanley out of the game with a dangerous head-high tackle? Lamb em-

phatically denied the accusation, but Balmain Chief Executive Keith Barnes asked NSW Rugby League General Manager John Quayle to investigate.

Channel TEN, the official telecaster, admitted none of its 12 cameras had captured the incident and an ABC film originally trumpeted as the shot which would "get" Lamb proved inconclusive. Quayle eventually ruled that Lamb had no case to answer.

However, if damning footage had been unearthed and Lamb had been cited to appear before the NSWRL judiciary, he could have faced any of three courts: the sport's own tribunal, civil action for damages by the plaintiff, and a criminal charge by the police.

In any case, Lamb reckons the public vilification he received meant he "might as well have been hung for a sheep as a lamb."

While the chunky five-eighth is not a wolf in sheep's clothing, some would argue he was luckier than St George captain Craig Young, who was suspended for three weeks for lashing out with his boot at Penrith's Ken Woolfe in a game at the Sydney Cricket Ground in 1986.

The referee missed the incident and after the game, back at St George Leagues Club, I watched the televised replay of the game with Young, an international of 20 Tests. He told me, "I creased Woolfe with my boot. I hope the camera missed it." Young breathed a sigh of relief when the commentators passed over it, even though a turbaned Woolfe left the field with a head cut.

However, unknown to Young, the then Penrith coach Tim Sheens was watching another film of the incident taken from behind the goals, and it captured Young's boot lashing out. Penrith cited Young, who was subsequently suspended and missed the Dragons' campaign for the semi-finals.

Australasian lawyers have organised themselves for the coming barristers' sporting banquet by establishing an Australian and New Zealand Sport Law Association.

The inaugural dinner was held in Melbourne last October and attracted a capacity crowd of 82, with many being turned away. Lawyers flocked from Melbourne, Adelaide, Ballarat, Brisbane, Canberra, Newcastle, New Zealand, Perth and Sydney.

Two office-bearers, Hayden Opie, an academic at Melbourne University who is President of the Association, and Colin Love, the solicitor for the NSWRL who is the committee member from Sydney, are watching closely the increasing litigation in the area of on-field negligence. Opie says: "The grey area between a deliberate act such as a foul tackle and accidental play which is nonetheless negligent is causing concern. This grey area, which we

Continued on page 96

Australian
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HANK LONDONER

snowqueen

Malika Svenson, 20, is a Norwegian lass who has a well developed taste for cold weather. "I grew up in Trondheim, on the edge of the Trondheim Fjord," she explains. "It's also mountain country and it's beautiful, but very cold for quite a lot of the year."





"Many northern Europeans dream of the tropics," Malika says. "But not me. I once spent two weeks in the Caribbean. I hated it! Not the island, of course, but the sticky heat and the mosquitoes and flies. What I love is the mountains when they are deep in snow."



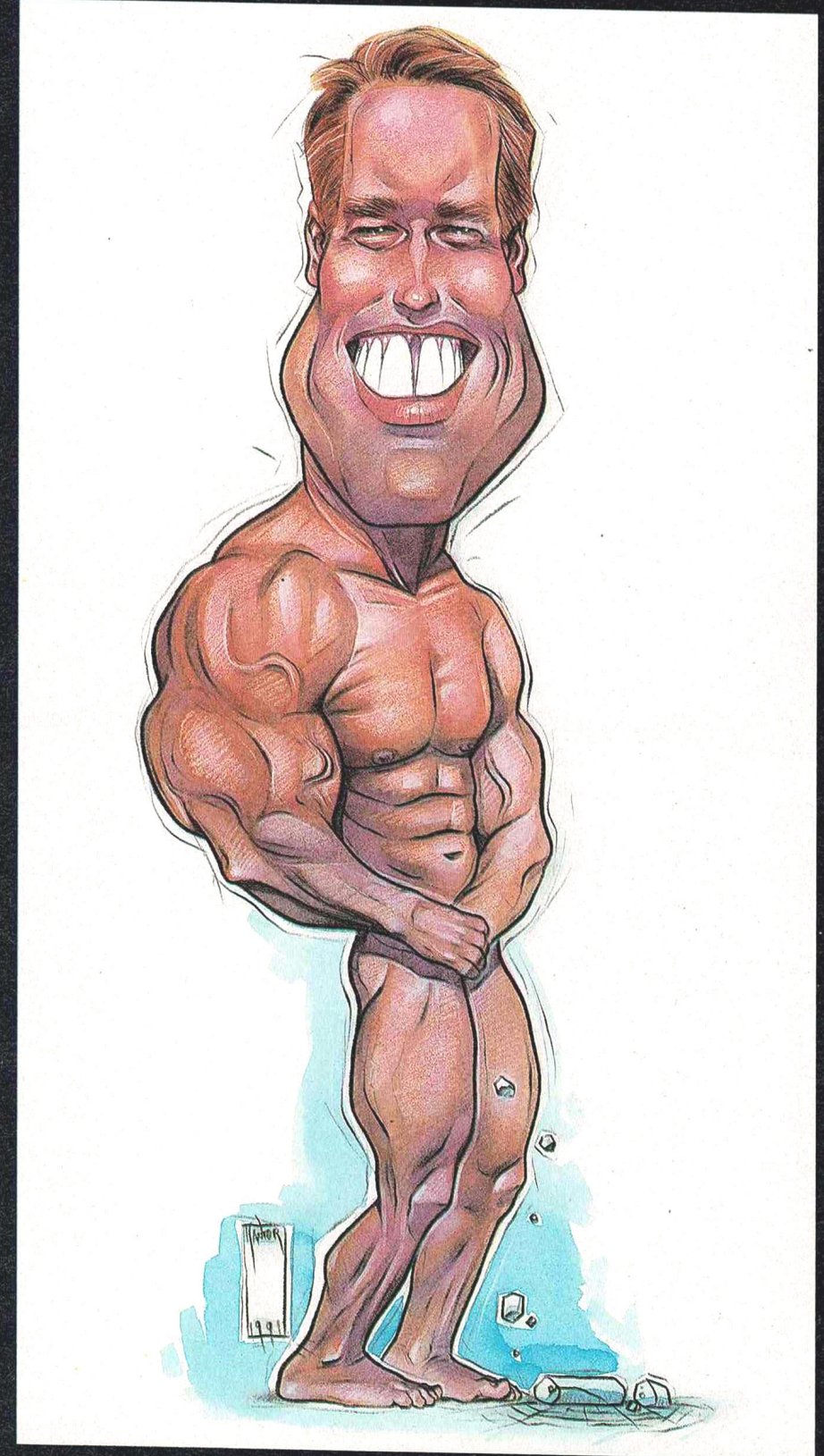


Malika, a travel agent, enjoys modelling part-time, but, she says, she doesn't take it seriously. "To get into modelling properly I would have to move to Tokyo or the US, and I don't want to. I like Norway. All my friends are here, and anyway, I like men who can ski."





K A N T O R ' S



CELEBRITY SKINS

Arnold Schwarzenegger



BY BRONWYN PHILLIPS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIM SHELDON

There's more to the occult
than unlimited sex with nubile

The Devil in **Mr Average**

The Priestess stands and addresses the assembled, blonde, dressed in transparent robe, a dagger in her belt. Outside the temple room, the full moon hides behind heavy cloud. The lunar goddess may have to be coaxed this night. Inside, the air is thick with incense, aromatic oils, candlelit — an atmosphere brimming with anticipation.

The priestess disrobes and settles on the altar, which is covered with a leopard's skin. From between her legs its glass eyes watch us balefully. The chalice is brought; the ode to the moon begins.

The high priest, her consort, joins the incantation, which ends when the dagger is plunged into the chalice held aloft by him. Symbolic of the sexual act.

They embrace and exchange a long and loving kiss. One by one we approach the naked priestess, drink from the chalice and kiss her briefly on the lips. "Blessed be," she says, and we reply the same.

On a TV screen at any given time, a teenage girl called Regan spins her head at 360 degrees, spews a green projectile and tells Father Max Von Sydow that his mother performs fellatio

Mr Average

on demons in hell. News break: Gorbachov appears. Did you know that the mark of the beast, 666, lurks under the strawberry birthmark?

Interested in the occult? In magic? In a little hoodoo or voodoo? Don't blame you — it's a fascinating subject. Even the most avowed card-carrying rationalist pricks up his ears when you mention witchcraft; the sceptic implores with earnest caution that you "be careful!"

It's the stuff nightmares are made of, not to mention urban myths, Sunday sermons, horror films and trashy paperbacks. An increasing interest in "things occult" has fundamentalists frothing at the mouth, your average Joe confused, and media jackals rubbing their hands together with glee. Like sex, the occult sells, sells, sells.

Anyone remember a very forgettable piece of television called *The Devil Made Me Do It* (which is probably what presenter Ian Leslie answers whenever he's asked why in hell he agreed to make the program), aired back in 1990? Touted as a serious debate on things occult, Satanism in particular, it degenerated into a predictable piece of scandal about paedophilia and deviant behavior. Ho hum. You wouldn't know it from the recent epidemic of newspaper articles, radio and TV programs, but there's more to the occult than Satanism. Much more.

There's wiccans, shamans, magicians, wizards, sorcerers, Crowleyites, mediums, mystics, psychics, and fortune tellers. Just to name a few. You want a general, layman's interpretation of magic and the occult? Easy — there are entire libraries dedicated to it, universities full of people writing theses on the subject, and as many different sects and groups under the heading "occult" as there are conventional religions.

But before you leap to the conclusion that the fundamentalists are right — that the Devil and his works are everywhere — you have to know that it's generally accepted, by those who are into magic and by the police, that in the whole of Australia there are no more than four genuine Satanists and not one organised, systematic group dedicated to the Devil or the black arts.

So if you want to join an occult group for unlimited sex with nubile, forget it. Grave robbing and a spot of necrophilia? Sorry. What about killing babies and defiling each other with crucifixes? Nope. Brain-eating cults and

Opening spread: Tim Hartridge, occultist. This page, clockwise from top: Stephen Lucan, exorcist; Jason Rogers, occult retailer; Carmel Hind, Satanist.



sex with animals? No. Bringing back the dead? Unlikely. Making lots of money? Living forever? Turning princes into frogs? Not really, no and definitely not.

Those who embrace the occult do so for a myriad of reasons: to try to penetrate the labyrinths of the unconscious; to explore any latent "psychic talent"; as a reaction against a repressive Catholic upbringing and all the associated guilt; and longing to be a part of an older, more complex tradition.

Many believe ghosts and spirits can be made to materialise, or they believe in everlasting life through reincarnation. Some believe in a chaotic, anarchic universe, others in order and a divine plan. Most believe in a chain of events that can be intercepted and influenced by casting spells, voodoo and hexings. All believe in the unlimited and largely unexplored potential of the human mind, and most have no belief in God, Satan, Heaven or Hell.

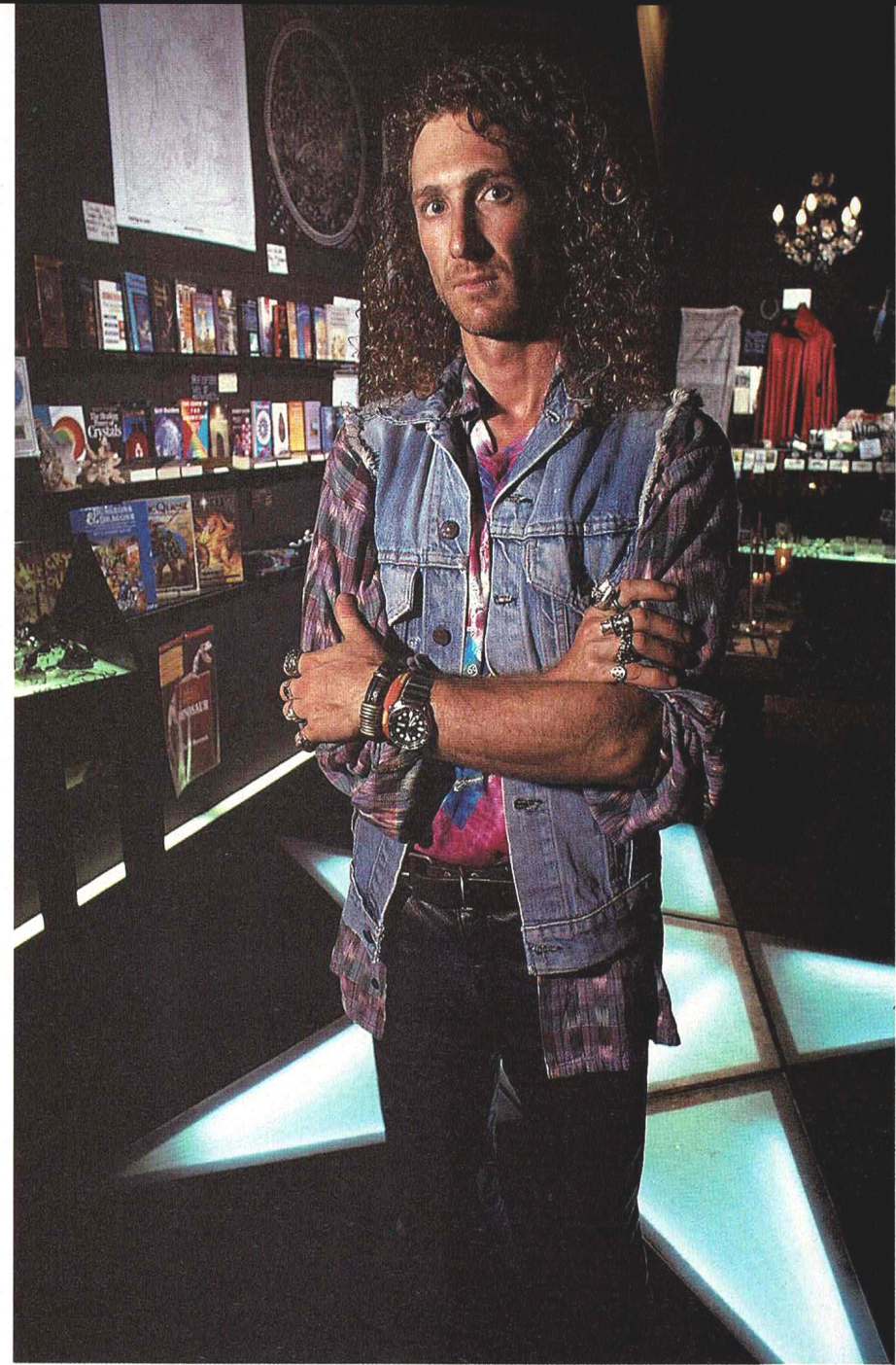
It's a paradoxical, esoteric, secretive world. And jealous. And incredibly competitive. Everybody except the person you are talking to is into black magic, is evil, is incompetent. They don't call it "bitchcraft" for nothing.

Is it difficult to penetrate the secrets and silences and get one straight answer on what these people actually do? Well, yes and no. It is and it isn't. Try finding witches or magicians in town and you'll be told, in hushed, mysterious voices, that "now you've expressed an interest, they will find you — you don't find them." Remember, the maxim of magic is "to know, to dare and to keep silent." This loosely translates into "Hear no, speak no and see no, especially to a journalist."

If you're curious about the occult, keep an open mind and expect the unexpected. You won't see bowls of fruit materialise out of thin air or meet devilishly charming individuals to whom you'd sell your soul. Be prepared for a cult group conducted along lines similar to a Christian fellowship, with weekend workshops in voodoo (barbecues afterward and accommodation for the whole family), an occult newsletter, a Satanist who sells Amway in her spare time, a North Shore witch who was a regular on the *Mike Walsh Show* and a magician who works in desk-top publishing.

Ordinary people with eccentric interests, then? Well, that's not right either. No misguided fools here, but educated, perfectly sane individuals looking for answers to all the "big" questions: What are we doing here? What happens when you die? Is God really dead, or just having a sickie?

It's probably best to let these ten, a reasonably broad cross-section of the "occult community", speak for themselves. The Devil may make some people do extraordinary things oc-



asionally, but most of us are quite capable of doing them all by ourselves.

Name: Tim Hartridge
Speciality: Occultist

Quote: Often these rituals can be cathartic, especially if you have been repressing a lot of things in your unconscious. It can trigger a release. A lot of us tend to push a lot of the "scary" things down into the unconscious. We don't want to deal with them.

The classic interpretation of demons and devils is that they are complexes within ourselves that we have not dealt with. They become fearsome. They take on teeth and horns. The typical Christian devil does everything you're not supposed to do. You don't have to be much of a psychologist to see the symbolism of the Devil. Demons take on aspects that we have pushed aside; they're animal instincts.

People are very civilised about their sexuality. The Church has always tried

to repress sexuality. To me, this is where your real power comes from. People have become desexed. They are neither one sex nor another, and I think the Church has done this to them. The occultist seeks to break all the rules.

Name: Stephen Lucan
Speciality: Magician/Exorcist

Quote: Anyone can practise magic, but not everyone knows how to protect themselves. They can get into trouble by attracting forces into their houses or themselves and then I have to go in and rid them of that energy.

It can manifest itself by a sudden depression or an unexplained illness. You may find yourself in the middle of a conversation but you're on your own. Houses can become possessed, or have been possessed. I can see or hear things and identify what the problem is.

They're not demons from the 7th level of Hell, but usually slightly worried spirits that are caught here and are not



Mr Average

supposed to be here. If they're human spirits they take on a waif-like human form, but if they're from a higher dimension they take on a form just like a colored light.

You don't really go in there with swords and holy water to attack some poor, confused spirit. Usually you talk to it and try to convince it that it's not in the right place, that it's not meant to be there. I may or may not take it or go with it to where it's meant to be. If it doesn't want to go, then you have to use force.

Some are very difficult to get rid of and some keep coming back. The ones who want to stay generally are people who have died in violent circumstances. The energy created by the way they've died, if it's been really horrible, creates something like a black hole.

Magic isn't an elite thing that you have to be trained to do. Anyone can do it. It

requires patience, a lot of energy, not much money. You don't really need all the paraphernalia.

Name: Carmel Hind
Speciality: Satanist

Quote: I prefer to be called a "setian" because "Satanist" has become a degraded term because of the way Satan was portrayed in the Bible. I am drawn to the philosophy because I like to know the truth. I am a perfectionist. To me, Satanism is a perfecting art. I'm interested in the dark side of human nature, if that's what you can call the unconscious. Looking behind the myths and mystery to find out what the reality is.

There's usually less hypocrisy amongst Satanists. I don't think Satanists are moralistic. Christianity is a very moral religion. Satanism is not. Because a lot of Satanists do what they feel, rather than what they're obliged to do, they're seen as being rebellious or anti-social.

Satanists will not be dictated to by religious laws. The concept of sin doesn't exist in the Satanic. There's no Satanic Bible or god. It's not just believing in something. I do it, I practise it and I get results, so for me it's a reality. There's no question about it. At the moment I'm very interested in the vampire cult. To me, the vampire is a different race.

In the occult it's very easy to miss the point, to romanticise things. I practice magic to enhance my life, to enjoy it more.

Name: Jason Rogers
Speciality: Occult retailer

Quote: This isn't a black magic store. A lot of people are really ignorant of the occult and think that it's all black. We stock the [Aleister] Crowley books, even though he has the reputation for being the blackest of magicians. You can't start censoring stuff. It's like banning *The Satanic Verses*. Any literature that's available should be available. I don't think it's irresponsible. Quite the opposite, actually.

This is just a silly little store. We've got everything from glow-in-the-dark condoms, *Jetsons* stickers, Elvira posters. Down there with these *Days Of The Dead* badges we've thrown the *Jetsons* in. Why not? We love the *Jetsons*. They are just as much a cultural icon as anything else.

We're not making available anything that isn't already. If somebody wants to harm somebody, the hatred is already there. It doesn't matter if they buy a mixing powder or not. They could just as easily buy a gun.

But it's not like opening a corner store where people buy cans of coke. They come in here and ask about ouija boards and Tarot. Are they good? Are they bad? They want answers. People assume you know the answers.

Name: Paul Vaytam
Speciality: Magical weapons maker

Quote: I've outgrown a lot of the high drama of magic. A lot of groups get involved in the drama of throwing curses at each other and worrying about who's black and who's white and that sort of thing.

One of the definitions of magic is the art and science of tuning the magician's will with that of the universe. Part of that means bending the universe to his will, but in most cases it's easier to bend the magician's will to that of the universe. The great work is the transformation of the magician himself.

When you're working on a weapon, what happens to the raw material should also be happening to you. The experience of making the weapon or implement is also a spiritual changing of your own inner being. That's what gives the implement and yourself its magic.



Clockwise from far left: Paul Vaytam makes magical weapons; NADA is into ritual theatre; Susan Ashleigh works as a trance medium to help people who are bothered by spirits.



The energy I put into it will give it a life of its own. It's a paralleling of your own development.

The sword is used for dominance, to express your own dominance. The sword is used to define and carve up the areas of the magic circle. The sword is *par excellence*. A gun just wouldn't have the same feeling.

Name: Susan Ashleigh
Speciality: Trance medium

Quote: My clients are people at a crisis, at a crossroad. They're not sure which way to go, what to do. They're frightened. They know there's a psychic energy — things have been moving around the house or they've been hearing voices — and they think they've gone mad.

The client doesn't get scared when I go into a trance because I'm so relaxed when the entity takes over. The entity is love, pure love. The client forgets that I'm even there. Another entity has taken over. My voice changes, my body changes. I can't stay in my body while they're there. Otherwise it really screws me up. I step aside.

Mr Average

I choose who I want to enter my body. I can because I know the process. When I first started, the first thing I thought about was *The Exorcist*. I was scared. I thought: "What if something takes over my body and I can't get rid of it? Or if someone comes to see me and this terrible thing pops out and attacks them?" Now I realise that I have ultimate control.

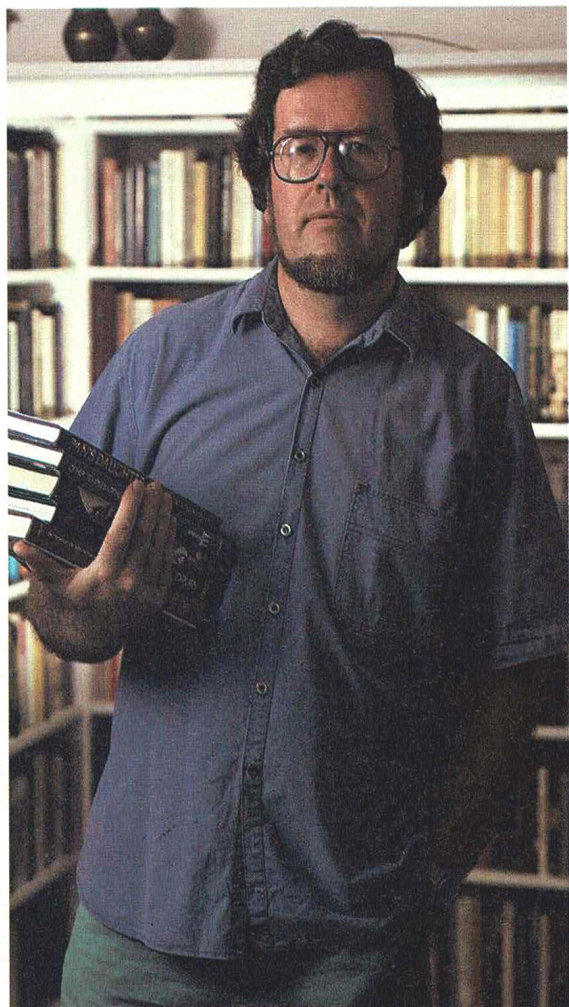
The entities can see into the future but they are not fortune tellers. They are beings of light, love and truth. They come from a space where you have already been. They know what's in your heart, your mind, your spirit. They know your past, present and future. That's why I leave my body. I don't want the responsibility of the entity, because it's a big bloody responsibility.

What goes on between the entity and the client is their own business I don't want to know about it. I tell them from the beginning, "It's not me, it's somebody else." I'll leave my body and I won't remember. The client knows it's not me. They can actually feel me leaving.

Name: NADA

Speciality: Ritual performance

Quote: NADA is a performance theatrical group rather than an occult group. NADA means "nothing" in Spanish; in



Clockwise from far left: Nevill Drury, author; Eddie Pielke describes himself as an occult philosopher; Fiona Manning reads Tarot cards.

all the little neophytes grovelling down at his feet.

That sort of behavior doesn't appeal to me and that's why I've never been a member of a ceremonial group. I think the main drift of the occult is toward power. On the whole they're not what you'd call a very admirable cluster of people.

Name: Fiona Manning

Speciality: Tarot reader

Quote: A lot of people who come to me expect the reading to be about tall, dark, handsome strangers coming into their lives, but Tarot isn't about that at all. Doing readings can be extremely difficult for me emotionally. It's hard not to get involved in the client's reactions and emotions. Some people become very distressed by the reading. I've had clients in tears, and I've ended up in tears.

I've tried not to read the Tarot, sometimes for years, but eventually I have to. Otherwise I start feeling ill.

Name: Eddie Pielke

Speciality: White witch

Quote: I would describe myself as an occult philosopher. The power I am after is power of mind. But I do know its limitations. In my philosophy it's *you* who are God, *you* who are the Devil, and it's your choice which way you want to go. The more intelligent you are, the more powerful you could become in one way or another.

Faith is a crutch. You shouldn't just believe, you should know. If you assemble a group of people and they all concentrate on one and the same thing and you amplify it over the atmosphere, certain things can happen. Like mass hallucinations. Then the question occurs: What is reality? You can't tell people that they are imagining things, that it doesn't exist. Of course it does. They are living proof that it exists.

Some people in the occult take advantage of others who should really be helped psychologically instead of driving them down into the depths of their obsession. Those on the dark side don't have real magical powers. They use psychology and they take advantage of people who have psychological weaknesses.

If I can provide a reality for you where I am elevated into something dangerous and powerful, then I can do you harm. I cannot do it if I can't build up the knowledge and the belief in you that I can do it. Magical powers only exist if the recipient of them admits that they work. ☐



Hindi it refers to a psychic sound that emanates from the body. For us, magic is a way of life and it also has a lot to do with art. We look at the rite we may want to perform in, and the choice of site depends very much on what we want to get across.

On Halloween in 1988, we put on *Nightmare Chaotica* at Waverley Cemetery. Halloween traditionally is when the two worlds, the world of the living and world of the dead, are very close. It's when the living can look over into the next world and the dead come back into the living.

The Waverley site was very interesting because on one side you had the cemetery and on the other you had the sea. Both very symbolic. It was nice to perform to the dead as well as the living.

Nightmare Chaotica wasn't advertised. Invitations were sent to people. But when we got there, the police were already there. They were prepared for a Satanic mass. We filled them in, told them that we were just doing performance and they gave us the go-ahead and said: "We'll see what happens." When things were going to start, heaps of police turned up.

They let us go ahead for about 20 minutes. Then the town clerk arrived with the authority to let the police remove people from the cemetery and make arrests. The police were very hostile and

people got hurt. Three people were arrested.

A lot of magic comes really close to being controlled schizophrenia. Some people are just about ready to go into a mental hospital after a NADA performance.

Name: Nevill Drury

Speciality: Author

Quote: I've been writing books on the occult since 1972. I'm really interested in the relationship between art and creativity and the occult.

The occult is a way of getting into the psyche. Getting into the dreams and visions of the mind. High magic is to do with mystical and esoteric traditions. In high magic an occultist is trying to attune his imagination with a god or a goddess and they do it in ritual and ceremony, clothing and symbols.

If I've a grievance against somebody and I think what sort of evil spell can I concoct to harm someone psychically, that's low magic. You're using magical energy for a personal and selfish purpose.

There's quite a surge of interest in power. It's particularly prevalent in occult societies where the leader likes to have a hierarchical relationship with his followers. They have secret grades and magical names and then they have levels and usually the head likes to have

jet lag

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL



Rikki Lee and Axel didn't know each other, except for having sat in the same row in Business Class on a flight from Hong Kong to Bonn. When the plane was diverted, and then delayed, because of the Gulf War, passengers were faced with an 18-hour wait.







Axel had settled into his hotel room when there was a knock on the door. It was Rikki Lee. "I'm so bored with this waiting," she said breathlessly. "I wondered if you had anything interesting on your agenda?" Axel grinned and invited her in. "I do now," he said.





Axel was more than willing to attend to Rikki Lee's every desire. This proved to be quite a task, as the lady was hotter than Mount Vesuvius and just as restless. "Jet lag always makes me so very horny," she giggled. Axel was impressed, and suggested they do it again in Bonn. "Oh," said Rikki Lee, "I'm so sorry! I'm being met at the airport by my husband!"

THE LIFE AND CRIMES OF Murray Riley

The silver-haired scallywag sits in a prison cell in England, awaiting trial on charges of having conspired to defraud British Aerospace of \$103 million. Murray Stewart Riley, 65, has been up and down like a yo-yo throughout a life of crime and high times, and is no doubt planning a celebratory Sydney homecoming even as his lawyers prepare his defence. But the future does not look promising for the larger-than-life former Australian Olympian, bent cop and convicted dope smuggler.

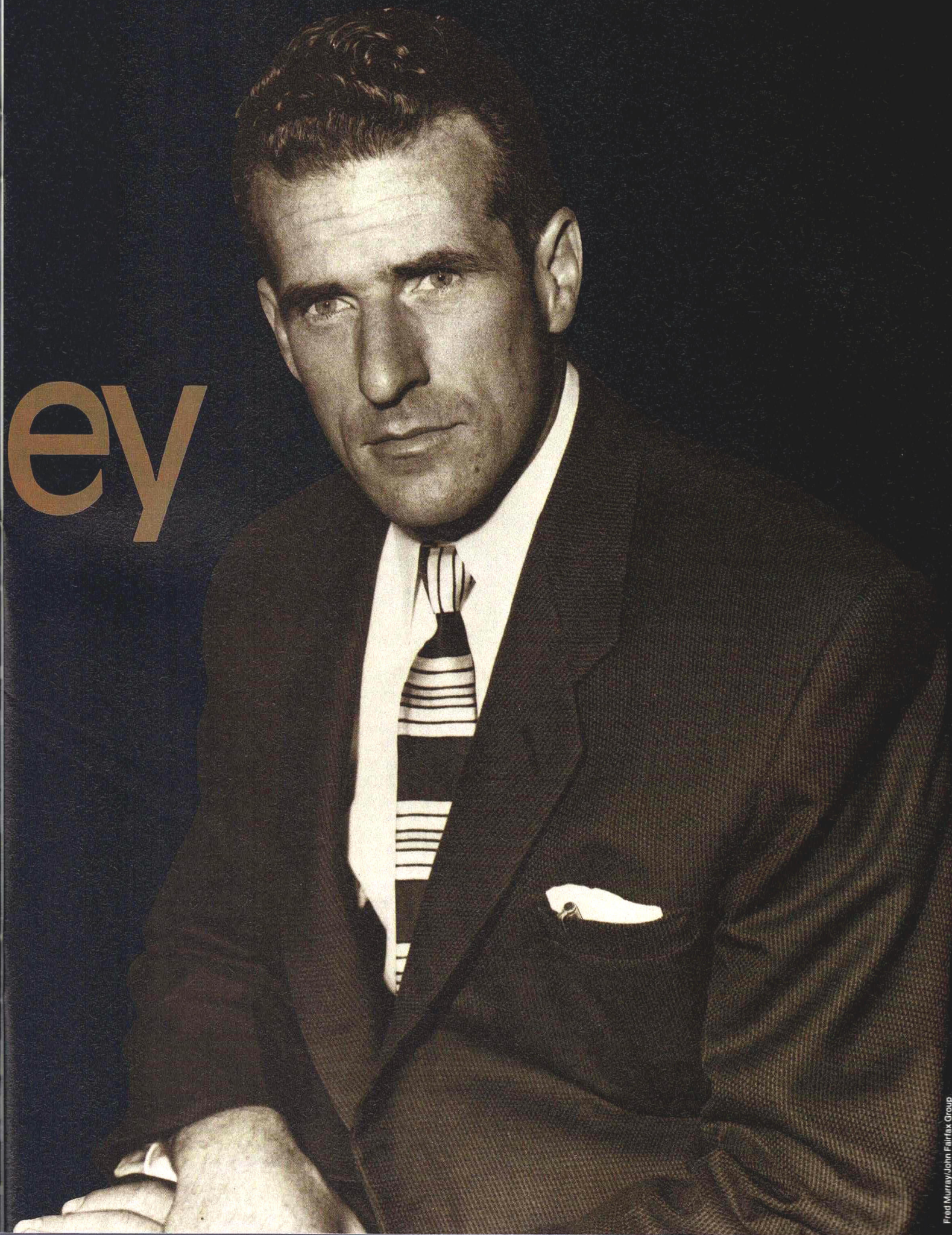
Riley and Englishman Jonathon Gould, 49, were arrested near Bristol last year and committed for trial at a hearing in Bristol last February. Prosecutor Simon Darwall-Smith denied Riley's request for bail, noting that not only was the charge a serious one involving a huge sum of money, but that Riley was an Aussie with a record and a long way from home.

A long stint in a cold English cell would be a bleak end to the career of one of Australia's more colorful rogues, a man who has worked every aspect of Australian male society's holy trinity — sport, police and crime. Riley has been a sporting hero (as a rowing medallist at Empire and Olympic Games), a police hero (Queen's Commendation for bravery) and, briefly, a counter-cultural hero (mastermind of the failed 1978 *Anoa* dope scam, then Australia's biggest marijuana bust). He has also been a liar, a bludger and a thug.

I first met Riley in the spring of 1984, just after his release from Long Bay, where he had reportedly

After a lifetime of glorious peaks and law-bending lows, a flamboyant silver fox sits cornered in a prison cell.

BY PHIL JARRATT



Murray Riley

been a model prisoner. Riley had been sentenced to ten years' jail for conspiring to import 1.5 tonnes of cannabis. But, with remissions, he was out in five, glowing with good health and looking at least ten years younger than his 59 summers. I had a little office with a courtyard that served as a suntrap, and as we talked about reconstructing the celebrated Anoa scam for a book, Riley stripped down to his underpants and asked to borrow some suntan lotion. If at first I had difficulty listening to a man in his underpants describing a life of crime, I soon got used to it over the amusing, if unproductive, summer that followed. (The book faltered because Riley proved to have a chronic inability to tell the truth about his own misdemeanors.)

Riley took me to long boozy lunches with "business associates" — chaps who, like Riley, favored all-year tans, chunky gold jewellery and red Jags. On one occasion he took my wife and I to dinner at an old Establishment restaurant in Sydney's eastern suburbs. As we walked into the empty restaurant he handed the maitre d' a bulging brown envelope. The staff fawned over us all night, the French champagne flowed and an old-time band played just for us. Towards the end of the evening, as he fox-trotted her across the floor, Riley whispered in my wife's ear: "You didn't think you were going to like me, did you? See, I'm all right — I'm just a loveable scallywag."

People who have been on the receiving end of Riley's vicious streak might find the man's self-assessment a little hard to stomach. But there is a charming side to him, a side that makes you want to like him against your better judgement. That's the side he's played for all it's worth these past 40 years.

Murray Riley was born in working-class Rozelle on Sydney Harbour in 1925. His father was a country boy from Mudgee, of northern English stock. His mother Ida had more exotic antecedents. She too had English origins but her grandfather had apparently taken up with a Cherokee Indian squaw in the 1870s and Ida had inherited the bluish-black hair and firm, square jaw of the Cherokee nation. This she passed on to her son Murray.

Wally Riley was a veteran of World War I who had seen action in France and brought home a facial scar and a booze problem to prove it. Wally could afford to get drunk twice a week and he never missed an appointment, coming home with beads of sweat highlighting his scar to sit in a chair in the lino-floored kitchen and scowl at his son and heir.

Murray went to Abbotsford Public School and later to Stanmore Commercial School, where for three years he gained a grounding in shorthand, typing and book-keeping. But he was not a straight-A

student. The young Riley was a playground lout who got six of the best with monotonous regularity. He had a tough exterior but underneath it lurked an aesthete who plucked from nowhere a love of music and dancing. Swing was the thing. Murray listened to Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Tommy Dorsey and Glenn Miller.

He saved enough money for a deposit on a clarinet from Sutton's music store and paid it off at ten bob a week, mowing a different neighbor's lawn each afternoon for two bob. (When it rained he had to catch up by mowing at night.) Riley took lessons every Saturday afternoon at Wally Knott's studio in King Street, but he did not have the touch of Knott's star pupil, a little boy called Don Burrows. As the world went to war again, he chucked in the clarinet and took up the jitterbug, making a big hit in his zoot suit each Friday night at the Albert Palais in Parramatta Road.

Riley's first job was collecting rents for a city estate agent, a task he found no joy in until a woman in North Sydney offered a novel alternative to cash payment. The flood gates were open. Riley became a regular visitor and was soon adept at sophisticated sexual games the likes of which the girls at the Albert Palais had never considered. By his 16th birthday

"Murray Riley has worked every aspect of Australian male society's holy trinity — sport, police and crime."

Murray Riley was a sought-after stud whose continental technique was legendary around Sydney's inner west.

When he was 17, Riley discovered rowing and the police force. Gus Green, an old rowing trainer at Abbotsford, sold him his first Gladstone skiff and his uncle, Detective Sergeant Charlie Godwin, showed him how to pay for it. Riley gladly accompanied his uncle to the police recruiting office, for Godwin was a hero, the man who hunted down the rogue Woolcott-Forbes in the backblocks of America and brought him home to trial. Riley thus had something of a romantic image of police work, but the reality was that his training in bookwork had made him a prime candidate for desk chores and he spent his first six months typing reports.

Riley's growing interest in rowing led him to Mervyn Wood, then a young constable in the fingerprint section at Redfern and much later a NSW Police Commissioner. Wood, who had competed in the eights at the Berlin Olympics in 1936, encouraged him to join the police rowing team and the two men began training four mornings a week on Sydney Harbour. Riley improved rapidly and Wood

suggested they team up to compete in double sculls. Training began in earnest and Wood explained to the younger man his race-winning theory of human endurance: "You're gonna faint before you die, so give it everything you've got until you pass out." The pair soon became unbeatable in Sydney competition.

Late in the war Merv Wood got leave of absence and joined up. Riley itched to be a fighter pilot and have a go at Tojo, but his leave application was deferred and by the time it was reassessed there was atomic rain over Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

When he turned 21 in October 1946, Riley sat for the Silver Baton exam and won eight months' seniority, placing him ahead of the demobbed servicemen in the promotion stakes. He moved a little closer to his dream of becoming the new Ray Kelly.

In view of the turn his life was to take, it's interesting that Riley chose the legendary Kelly as a role model. One of the roughest, toughest policemen Sydney has ever known, Kelly dominated major crime investigations throughout the Forties and Fifties and into the Sixties. Riley saw him as tough but fair, the consummate crime fighter who sought nothing more than justice and a humble weekly wage.

Others saw him differently. In 1951 Isaacs KC won the notorious gangster Chow Hayes two retrials on a murder charge when he produced evidence that Kelly had been nicknamed "Verbal" for his penchant for inventing confessions. When Hayes was eventually sentenced to life, he yelled at Kelly as he left the court: "I hope you die of cancer of the tongue."

While he dreamed of being Ray Kelly, Riley walked the beat in Darlinghurst and Kings Cross, keeping the peace and turning a blind eye to brothels and sly grog houses in the time-honored fashion. But his efficiency at deskwork meant that he was often called in to assist with paperwork on major investigations, and the contacts he established resulted in an appointment to 21 Division, an odd squad of quasi-detectives who rode Indian motorcycles and patrolled parklands. Here Riley learned how things work, and perjured himself for the first time. He arrested two men engaged in fellatio outside a toilet block, but before the case came to court it was explained to him that the cocksucker was an influential banker. In court Riley told the magistrate that the light had not been good and the man was probably

doing up a shoelace. Case dismissed.

Riley married a girl he met at the Palais and started buying and renovating cheap houses — a form of wealth production not normally associated with humble salary earners, but Riley insists he was not yet truly bent. Then he and Merv Wood won selection for the 1950 Empire Games in Auckland. Wood, who had already won gold at the 1948 London Olympics, took gold again in the singles and in the doubles with Riley. The two cops came home heroes.

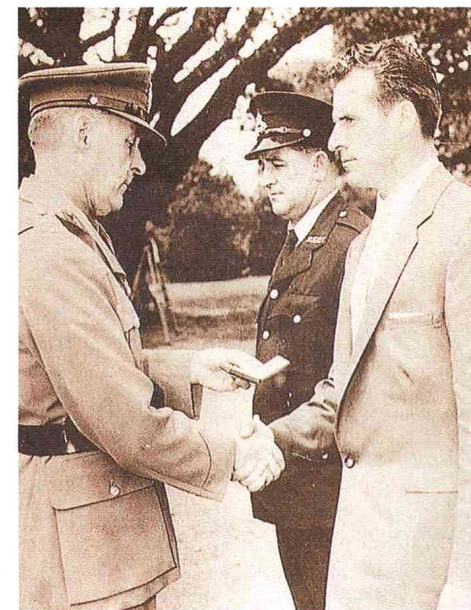
For the 1952 Helsinki Olympics Wood decided to concentrate on singles and Riley teamed with John Rogers for the doubles. Riley had just been transferred to Balmain as a detective, and the sports-mad locals set up the Murray Riley Olympic Fund to raise the 800 pounds necessary to get him to the Games. The "Gentlemen's Social Evening" alone raised 166 pounds from gambling, strippers and blue movies. But it was all in vain. Riley and Rogers made the final, but came home without a medal.

Back at Balmain, Riley one night responded to a call to a house where a man had gone berserk with a gun. When he arrived Riley saw the man standing in the hall holding a repeating rifle. The gunman fired several shots over his head but Riley held his ground and talked to the man until he was distracted by police coming through the back door. Riley seized the moment and charged, wrestling the gun away. A year later, after Riley had received the Queen's Commendation for bravery, and testified in court on behalf of the gunman — a man more sinned against than sinning — he ran into the fellow in a pub.

"I'm the bloke who tried to shoot you," the man announced. "Can I buy you a beer?" When they were both suitably drunk, Riley dragged his new mate home for dinner.

Between 1954 and 1958 Murray Riley rowed for Australia at the Vancouver Empire Games, the Melbourne Olympics and the Cardiff Empire Games, taking gold with Merv Wood in Vancouver and an Olympic bronze in Melbourne. His sporting fame made him immensely popular around his Balmain beat, but there were increasingly critical eyes on him from police headquarters. Whereas his rowing partner had climbed steadily through the administrative ranks, Riley had chosen the rockier road of criminal investigation. Some of his superiors claimed criminal fraternisation was a more accurate description.

In 1954 violence flared between rival poker machine networks and Riley was assigned to protect Ray Smith, a distributor and henchman of Lennie McPherson, the prominent Sydney businessman whose name has cropped up in every major crime investigation since the war. For a time Riley actually moved into Smith's house and the two became friends. On his return



Top left: Riley receives a Queen's Commendation for bravery in 1957. Top right: Riley (front) and Merv Wood receive bronze medals at the 1956 Olympics. Centre: The impounded ketch Anoa. Left: Riley in 1978, facing charges of drug trafficking.

Murray Riley

from Cardiff in 1958, Riley was charged with a breach of regulations — allegedly taking a message from Smith to a prisoner in Long Bay jail. It was the beginning of the end. He came into increasing conflict with a senior officer who seemed to know more than most about Riley's associations, and in 1962 he resigned and went to work as a "sales manager" for Ray Smith's poker machine company.

What Riley was supposed to do in this position is unclear. What he did was spend a lot of time getting to know the supremos of the major licensed clubs, usually on the golf course or at the racetrack. As subsequent Royal Commissions pointed out, Sydney's clubland in the Sixties was paradise for a man on the make. Behind almost every poker machine a shady deal was going down, and Riley was a party to many of them.

In 1966 Riley got involved in a pyramid selling scam in Australia and New Zealand. When one of the partners was arrested for fraud in Auckland, Riley flew over to help bail arrangements along with a plain brown envelope. Auckland police pounced the moment Riley handed a detective the envelope containing \$1000 and, unimpressed by his sporting and police record, the Kiwi magistrate handed out 12 months for attempted bribery. After

serving eight months, Riley was deported and returned to Sydney in March 1967. He went back to his old job with Ray Smith, but his days of playing both sides of the law were over. Riley was officially a bent cop.

Between 1968 and 1971 Riley worked clubland for every scam he could think of, and a lot that other people thought of. He joined forces with Wally Dean, a former barber who had become President of the palatial South Sydney Juniors Club, and the two worked a racket importing American cabaret artists through Las Vegas Mafia connections, then skimming poker machine profits resulting from the packed houses at the clubs they played. But in 1972 Justice Moffitt began an exhaustive eight-month inquiry into club corruption and Riley went underground. When the report of the Moffitt Royal Commission was released, it devoted an entire section to Riley's non-appearance and detailed his dealings since the day he left the police force. Riley's party in clubland was over.

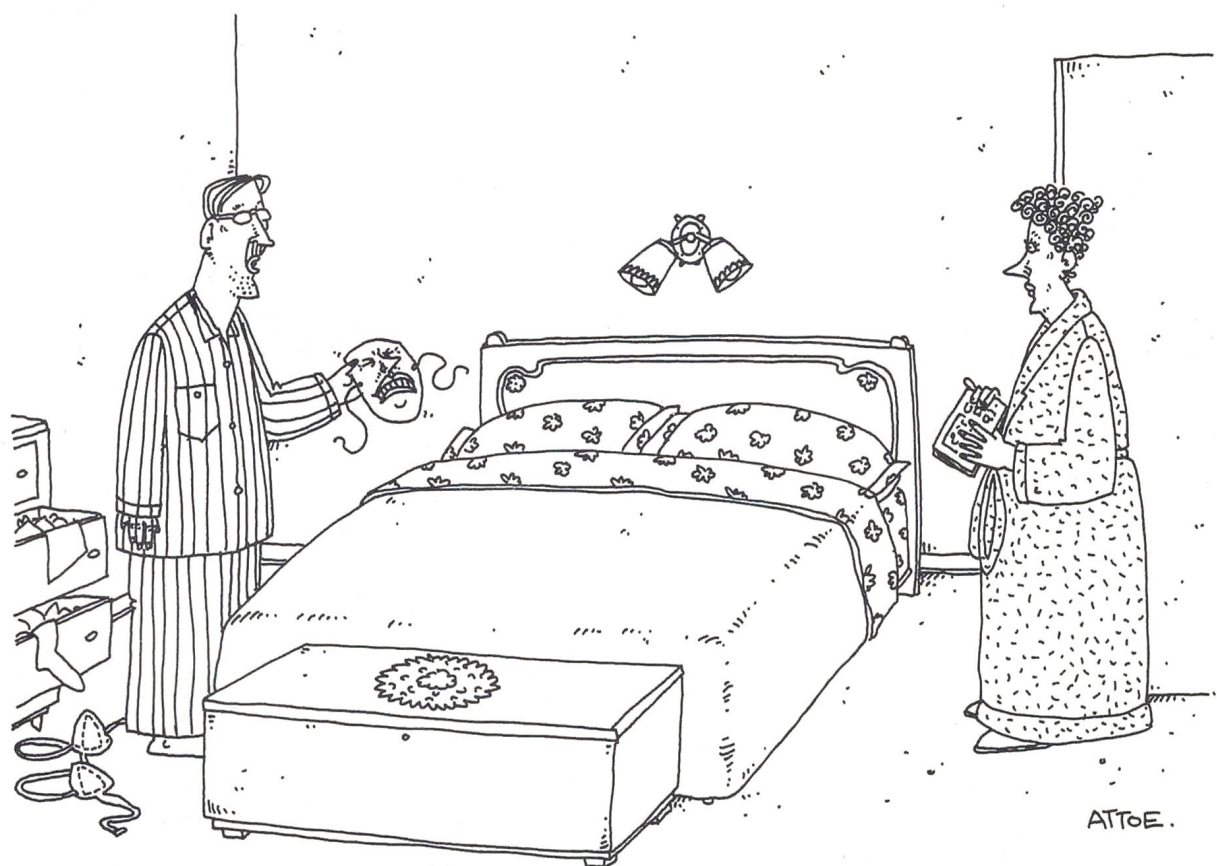
Turning his attention to business possibilities overseas, Riley paid \$4000 for two passports in the names of David Allan Crawford and Robert Markham Marriott and went to see William Sinclair, the principal of Wings Travel. Sinclair, the former Labor Party heavy who later served time for a heroin bust in Thailand with Paul Hayward and Warren Fellows, provided Riley with an employee discount on airline

tickets and a letter of accreditation which enabled him to get 50 percent off hotel rates.

Riley began operating a Pacific Rim circuit between Sydney, Hong Kong and San Francisco. He claims to have bought and sold diamonds and other gems for immense profits, but during this period he was linked with known heroin traffickers and became friendly with the notorious Mafia hitman Jimmy "The Weasel" Fratianno. In San Francisco Fratianno and Riley were frequently seen together at gangster haunts such as Sal Amarena's Pizza Palace and Scoma's on Fishermen's Wharf. Riley became intrigued by the style and charisma of the man who later admitted to the FBI that he had killed at least five enemies of the Mob, but the relationship soured when Riley failed to deliver on a deal. His Pacific sorties stopped abruptly and he looked for other earners.

In 1976 Riley moved in with Carol Dean, the ex-wife of his former partner, Wally Dean, and sought to re-establish himself in Sydney. His thoughts turned to marijuana, for which there was an inexhaustible market and what seemed like an increasingly lenient attitude in the courts. The heat was on the Calabrian growers in the Riverina in the wake of the murder of drug campaigner Donald Mackay, and Riley judged that the timing was perfect for a big im-

Continued on page 110



"How long have you been faking your orgasms?"





WILD FIRE

Rebecca Hurst, 22, is a woman who knows exactly what she wants from life and she's not shy about getting it. "I just don't take no for an answer," she says. "Why should I? I believe I'm more special than most. I deserve the best. Some people think that's selfish, but hell, you know what Gordon Gecko said."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MOORE



Rebecca has Irish ancestry and a temper to match. She doesn't suffer fools gladly. "I'm not interested in wimps. Those shy, sensitive types just bring out the bitch in me. I like big, strong men who know one end of a woman from another. I like a man with a bit of fight in him — and plenty of spunk."

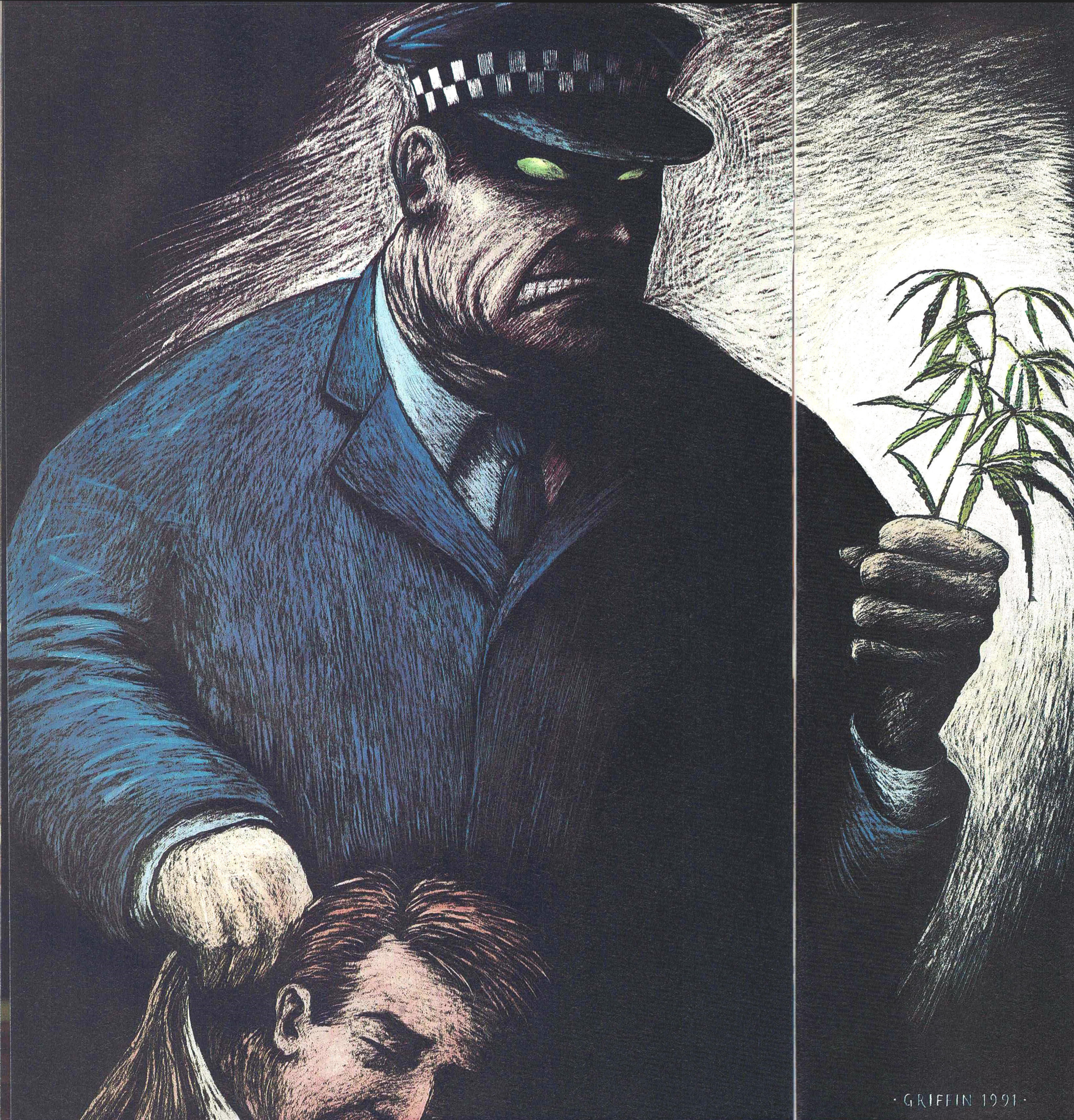




Rebecca claims she's too busy getting ahead to bother with everyday things. "I'll slow down later in life, if I have to. Sexual fantasies? I live them every night of my life, darling. Oh — perhaps in a helicopter over an erupting volcano, something like that. Something different, you know?"







Behind the so-called "War On Drugs" lies a repressive hidden agenda that has nothing to do with drugs.

THE enemy WITHIN

On Wednesday, August 12, 1988 Rodney and Leesa, two medical students from the University of Queensland, went to a movie after their lectures. They saw the Harrison Ford film *Frantic*, which they enjoyed, then went home for some coffee. The raiders came before midnight, anonymous with badges and guns, announced by a thunderous hammering and shouting: "Let us in or we'll smash the fucking door down."

It was of course the police. Perhaps the Drug Squad; but more likely, given what followed, the Special Branch. Whatever. It was a wild time in Queensland. The centre had broken and things were in free fall. Hard men had rolled over and cried for mercy. Others reacted at a deeper, truer level, down in their meat where they knew they were right because they were strong. And tonight they had a license to run this sort of action as far as they wanted.

"I let them in," says Rodney. "They said they believed there were drugs on the premises and they were going to search us in accordance with the Drugs Misuse Act. And they said they'd kick the door in anyway."

Rodney is small-framed, high-colored, and looks as though three lemon sherbets could be the death of him. He doesn't use illicit drugs and had given up smoking

BY JOHN BIRMINGHAM

ILLUSTRATION BY ROGER GRIFFIN

two weeks before. He isn't even much of a drinker. A cunningly disguised Mr Big if ever there was one, he admitted to being terrified by the police as he let them inside.

They had no warrant, but that wasn't a problem. The Drugs Misuse Act gives badges and guns and ill-fitting suits a lot of room to manoeuvre when they come through your door and start swinging their elbows. Drugs, after all, are a serious matter. The four officers searched the flat, going through every cupboard and drawer, looking under the bed and between the sheets. "One of them found my diary and began to read it aloud," recalls Rodney. "He'd stop sometimes to bark questions about particular entries at me and I figured out then they weren't really looking for drugs."

The questions had nothing to do with drugs, but plenty to do with politics. How much did he know about a protest at Expo the previous week? How deeply involved was he in the Graduate Tax demonstration? How many people were in the Catholic Workers organisation? The cop read names from the diary which another wrote down. This phase of the interrogation, including sustained and aggressive questioning about Leesa's sex life, lasted two hours, during which time neither of the

students was allowed to move from the couch in the living room.

An address book turned up sometime after midnight, and the next three hours were spent working through all the names and phone numbers listed inside. By then the students were, in their words, "exhausted and near hysteria." But the search moved through the flat one more time, sifting out more disguised drug paraphernalia such as a nuclear disarmament poster and an anti-war badge, and producing more promises of criminal charges. By six in the morning the flat had yielded all of its secrets and although no drugs were amongst them, both students were taken in. "They took us to Roma Street, in the city," says Rodney. "They took our photographs and fingerprints but didn't lay any charges."

Then, he says, they were both strip-searched in full view of anyone wandering around a Queensland police station at six in the morning. No drugs or posters or extra anti-war badges were found, so a body cavity search was made. A male officer probed the anus and vagina of the girl. When she placed her arms over her breasts, they were forced back and held behind her body by two other police officers.

"Basically, she was raped," Rodney asserts.

But she wasn't. Under the Queensland Drugs Misuse Act, it's perfectly legal for a

bunch of state-sponsored thugs to force their way into your home, fuck with your life, and do violence to all of your bodily orifices as long as they show you the badge. And it's best to remember to call them "Sir."

Sometimes the mind reels from this sort of thing, just refuses to come to terms with its routine happening and implications in anything but the most remote way. But the Bjelke-Petersen regime in Queensland was so naked and brutal and bloated with ugliness that if you even looked at it the wrong way, chances were you'd be snatched up and fed into the shredders. A generation of victims like Rodney and Leesa stand as testimony to a power structure which instinctively regarded dissent as subversion, freedom as evil, and unrelenting punishment as a natural state of being.

So in the context of Queensland the raid was nothing special, just another bizarre episode to file away with the laws banning free speech, the paper bags full of money, the hydrogen cars, the cancer quacks, and all the witnesses who suicided or disappeared or went mad the night before they were to testify against the police.

But punch beneath the rush of static surrounding that history and the event resolves itself in something significant. It was no mistake, the police barging into that home to carry out a Gestapo-style interdiction under the cover of looking for drugs. It was no random failure of the system to regulate itself, a bad thing which happened in another time, by chance, with no connection to the present. It was the result of disparate and desperate elements and forces originating many decades ago, but still working deeply within our politics today. It's precisely those elements and forces — not drugs — that are the festering chancre gnawing away at Australian society. They, not drugs, are the real "enemy within."

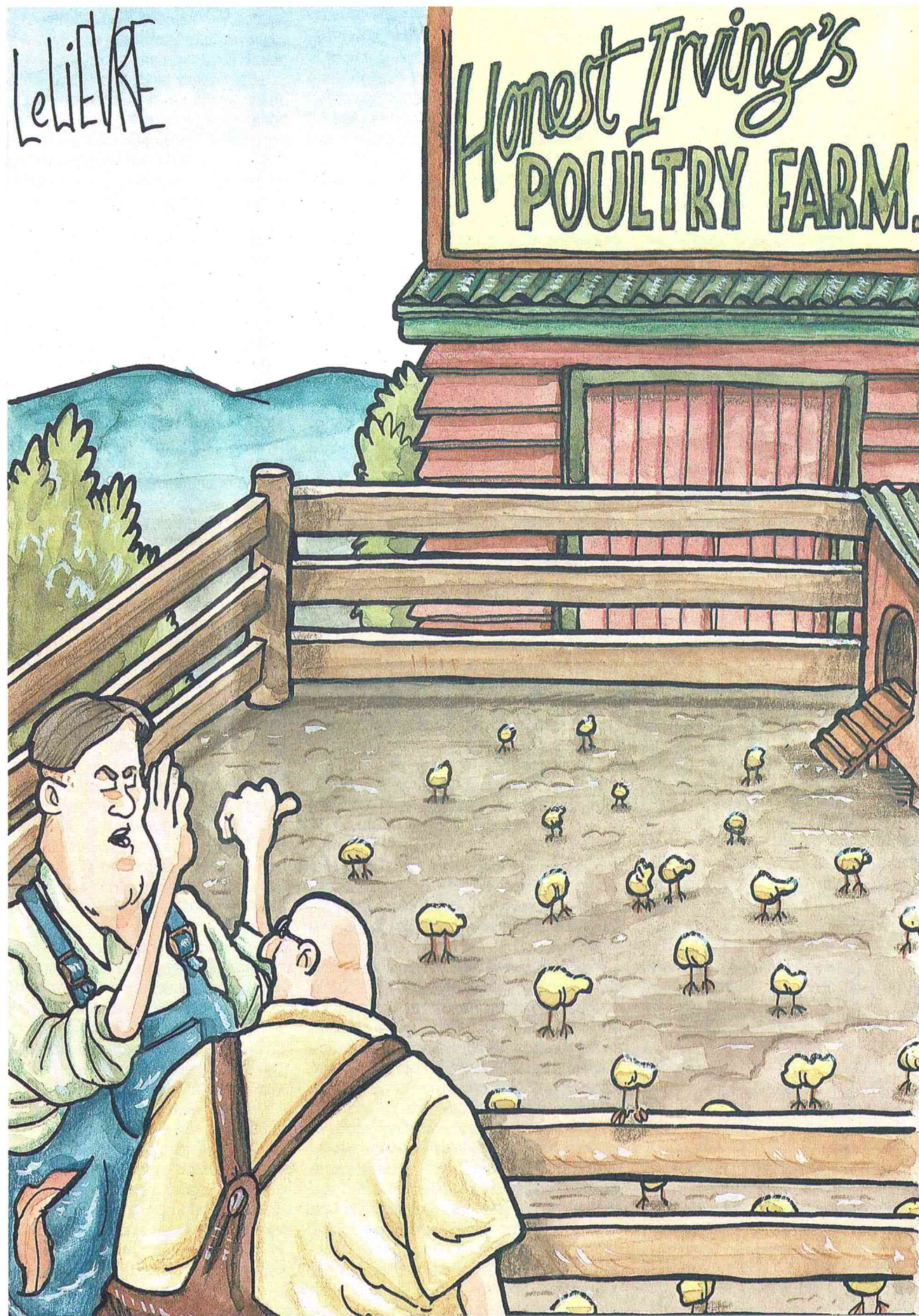
To understand them properly, we have to go way back. The whole idea of drug prohibition was conceived by the deep racial fears of the 1870s. Medical concerns had very little to do with the early drug laws. In areas with high concentrations of Chinese, such as the American West and the gold fields of Australia, some felt the growing number of opium parlors threatened the moral fibre of society. Meanwhile, in the south of the US, politicians and editors told lurid tales of the effects of marijuana on the black man's already massive and unquenchable sexual appetite. Just one toke, dear neighbor, and those Nigras would be rolling they eyes back in they heads and punching into the nearest warm hole they could find.

At first, legislation was directed at restricting the activities of such suspect racial groups, but as the trade grew and previously unseen lines of power began to flow from the enforcement/repression grid of drug politics, governments were only

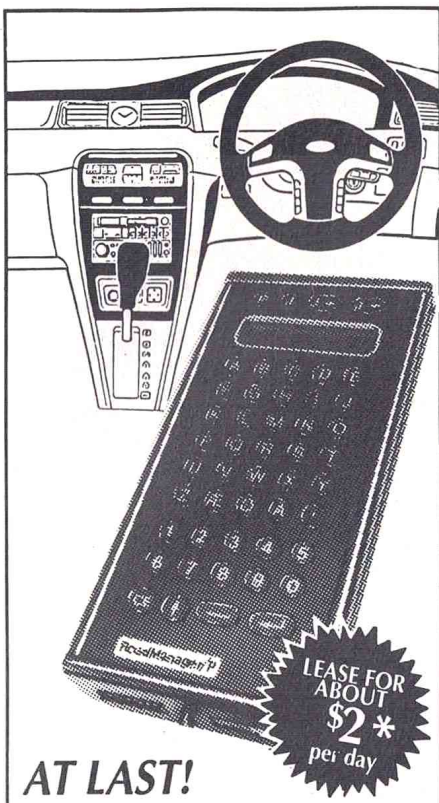
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enemy

too willing to draw on that source through harsher laws. An early and telling example was the Director of the American Federal Narcotics Commission, Harry Anslinger, who exploited the hysteria surrounding the Russian Revolution to further the interests of his own bureau.

Anslinger expanded the traditional framework, which tied narcotics problems to external ethnic criminal influences, to include the communists. He argued that commies were flooding the West with drugs to undermine our society and fund their regimes. He successfully pushed for increased funding and heavier laws, including mandatory death sentences for some drug offences, moving narpolitics into a serious punishment schedule which became self-reinforcing with each successive failure. The rationale seemed to be that if locking them up for ten years didn't work, try 20, and if that didn't do it, try 30. Of course, the success of this strategy in actually stamping out the drug menace can be gauged in the existence, decades later, of an illicit drug industry now worth hundreds of billions of dollars a year.

In spite of this, the heavy hitters couldn't break free of the idea that the drug problem could be contained and defeated if only governments were willing to commit greater resources to law enforcement, to increase the range of actions available to enforcement agencies, and to raise the penalties for drug use, hoping that more of the same would make up for past failures. What had changed, though, was the identification of what was once a social or a health problem as a threat to the continued existence of society, a threat to national security.

Former US President Richard Nixon was a leading proponent of this dubious doctrine, and played the lead bumbler in his attempts to stomp the drug trade into the ground.

In 1969, Nixon decided that marijuana was going to destroy America. Most of that marijuana came into the country from Mexico, so the White House cranked up Operation Intercept, an "all out drive" to seal the US-Mexican border to the smugglers.

The border crossings were closed on a Sunday afternoon just before thousands of tourists tried to make their way home. Everybody had to have their papers checked and cars searched, and eventually the line of traffic stretched back into the dust for ten kilometres. Nearly 2000 people were strip-searched. On the seventh day of Intercept, a Presidential spokesperson announced success. Arrests had averaged less than five per day over the week, out of two million crossings, and almost no contraband was detected. The White House said, "Obviously no larger seizures have been made because

the big smugglers have gotten the word." After three weeks of vociferous complaints Nixon closed the operation down.

Unwilling to learn from history, we seem desperate to repeat it. In July 1986, US Special Forces landed in Bolivia to begin operations against suspected drug traffickers. Helicopter gunships dropped troops into the jungles to seek out and destroy cocaine labs and equipment, to seize money and weapons, and to demolish airstrips. This mission, Operation Blast Furnace, was another expensive failure. Mechanical faults robbed the strike force of any surprise and the few installations they did find had long been vacated. The Defence Department and the Drug Enforcement Agency blamed each other for the mess.

Blast Furnace had been carried out under a National Security Directive, signed by President Reagan on April 8, 1986, which declared drug trafficking to be a national security risk. The Directive failed to specify why. When questioned by the press, Reagan responded, "Anything we do is in the national interest."

This is the so-called "War On Drugs", in which the generals answer for the failure of their policies by closing their eyes and shouting ever more loudly that they're winning. Until it was blown out of contention by events in the Gulf, it was the war of the moment. Drugs, we were told, would consume us. The threat was so grave it demanded a response akin to that expected in the gravest national emergency. The response implied would be *sacrifice*. Sacrifice of already scarce resources to beef up enforcement. And sacrifice of our freedom so that a cunning and dangerous enemy could be denied the "expedient" shield of civil liberties.

Not since the communist witch hunts of the Fifties and Sixties had there been such a combination of folly and opportunism. The thing seemed to be on a weird loop of some sort, replaying all the mistakes we made fighting the last "enemy within", losing our liberties to ensure their survival, burning the village to save it again.

In the United States the putative threat posed by drugs to life and liberty was explicitly set out in President Reagan's National Security Directive of April 8, 1986 and in George Bush's Address to the Nation of 1989, in which he held aloft a bag of pretend crack and declared war on the traffickers.

The Australian Government has not made any such definitive statement, and according to Dr Grant Wardlaw from the Institute of Criminology, has been more even-handed in its approach. "The medical community has managed to push their programs very firmly to the fore here," he says. "Since the Drug Summit in 1985 we've had a much more balanced strategy, with a heavy emphasis on treatment and demand reduction."

While that's true enough, Australian law enforcement agencies are influenced by

their close ties with the US, which dominates the world scene. Frustration with the failure of prohibition and the long wait for results under the medical model has resulted in changes to the law which have dramatically extended the powers of enforcement agencies, overturning legal precedent and curtailing the rights of individuals. The reasons given have always been related to the need to "get serious" with drugs, but a rich vein of expedience runs just beneath the surface of most political intentions, and in some places — such as Queensland in the Bjelke-Petersen years — it's so strong it breaks through and runs wild in the pursuit of a repressive agenda that has nothing to do with drugs.

One Queensland lawyer, reluctant to be named because he works within the government, told *Penthouse*: "Our Drugs Misuse Act was probably the worst so far. It was written by the Police Department's legal drafting section, drawn up by the cops to help themselves out. It broadened the sort of behavior which was defined as criminal, and then reversed the onus of proof — so the accused had to prove they were innocent instead of the cops having to show they were guilty — the excuse being that 'This is the drug trade and this is serious'..."

For most lawyers and civil libertarians the worst aspect of the Act was the poor definition of "trafficking", and the imposition of mandatory life sentences for that offence. According to Narelle Sutherland of the Queensland Council for Civil Liberties: "Before the ALP reversed the mandatory life provisions, 22 people went away forever. Two got to the High Court and were granted a retrial on the basis of faulty evidence, one committed suicide, and the rest are now lining up for resentencing. None of these people were the legendary Mr Bigs. Most were just junkies who got caught with a couple of grams."

The move to increasingly repressive legislation is not exclusively a feature of Queensland's strange political culture. Similarly harsh anti-drug laws have been passed throughout the country. For instance, the latest magic bullet in the Drug War is assets seizure legislation, already well established in the US, and now passed in all Australian jurisdictions.

The NSW legislation is a fair example of the breed. The State Drug Crime Commission can seize the assets of an individual if it can prove "on the balance of probabilities" that the person under investigation is involved in drugs. Suspects then have to prove "beyond reasonable doubt" that their assets were lawfully obtained. Once again, this reverses the onus of proof. Former NSW Attorney-General John Dowd admits the law is draconian, but insists that too many people were "building up assets from the proceeds of crime."

Once taken, many rights and freedoms

may prove difficult to get back, while the process of denying them becomes easier. NSW Premier Nick Greiner has said he wanted assets laws extended to cover major white collar criminals in areas other than drugs. He saw no problem with changing the existing legislation so that people suspected of laundering money or committing fraud, for example, would lose their rights to their property unless they could prove it was legally obtained.

While criticisms have come from outside the power structure, and have to a great extent been deflected by the armor of Drug War thinking, it can't be said that governments are unaware of the risks. In Australia, the parliamentary committee on the NCA released a report called *Drugs, Crime And Society* in which they acknowledged that: "... Prohibition has been responsible for an erosion of generally accepted civil liberties ... Properties have been entered by heavily armed police in

Greiner
has said he
wants assets
laws extended to
white-collar
crime.

search of non-existent drugs, and roadblocks have been set for the random search of passing vehicles. Persons may be liable to intrusive searches upon suspicion and reputations may be damaged, not because of any crime that has been proved against them but because they are suspected of having had some involvement in the drug trade..."

The cops are not winning and have not been for a long time. While the evidence of this failure is plain enough on the streets, it is possible to sense the knowledge of defeat through the official reports of those governments so eager to take to the battlefields. The same parliamentary paper states: "Despite the substantial resources afforded to drug law enforcement and the success of agencies in making seizures of drugs in unprecedented quantities, it is questionable whether there has been any marked effect in [reducing] ... the supply of drugs reaching the marketplace."

And — surprise, surprise — exactly the same message comes from the US General Accounting Office (GAO) in a review of American drug policy: "Despite in-

creased US assistance to co-operating countries' crop control and law enforcement efforts and increased eradication, narcotics production remains at high levels and supplies available to the US remain plentiful."

Both reports explain why foreign interdiction measures can't succeed. By far the greatest impediment is the size of the market, which is worth billions of dollars each year. In such a market there is an abundance of potential suppliers, all willing to run the risks involved for the fantastic rewards. For instance, prior to 1974 Turkey was the principal source of American heroin. In that year the governments of the two countries undertook a vast and expensive crop substitution program, replacing the illegal crops with legal ones, teaching the peasants how to grow them and providing the means to get them to market. It worked to the extent that Turkey is no longer the principal supplier of American smack. It failed because Mexican and Pakistani growers increased their output to take advantage of the shortfall.

Similarly, 1984 saw the biggest cocaine haul in history when US and Columbian teams raided a jungle factory and seized ten tonnes of pure coke ready for shipment and sale. The Drug Enforcement Agency's William Alden explained the effect on the market: "Nada. The rest of the world just made up the difference overnight. There was no impact on supply or price."

The March 1990 edition of the *US Military Review* reported that during 1989 the National Guard supported 1811 drug operations; 7000 personnel seized four million marijuana plants, 46,000 pounds of processed marijuana, 10,000 pounds of cocaine, and 39 pounds of heroin — contraband worth over twelve billion US dollars. "Yet law enforcement officials estimate this constituted less than one percent of the illegal drug traffic into the US," said the journal.

Normally responsible governments would be loath to invest millions of dollars, year after year, for such meagre results. But a characteristic of drugs is that they discourage rational thought. Any investigation of our approach to drugs which dips beneath the facade of platitudes and hopeless can-do enthusiasm will immediately find this: a desperate stringing together of ends and means, and beneath that, more often than not, a danger as real as that posed by the drug trade itself.

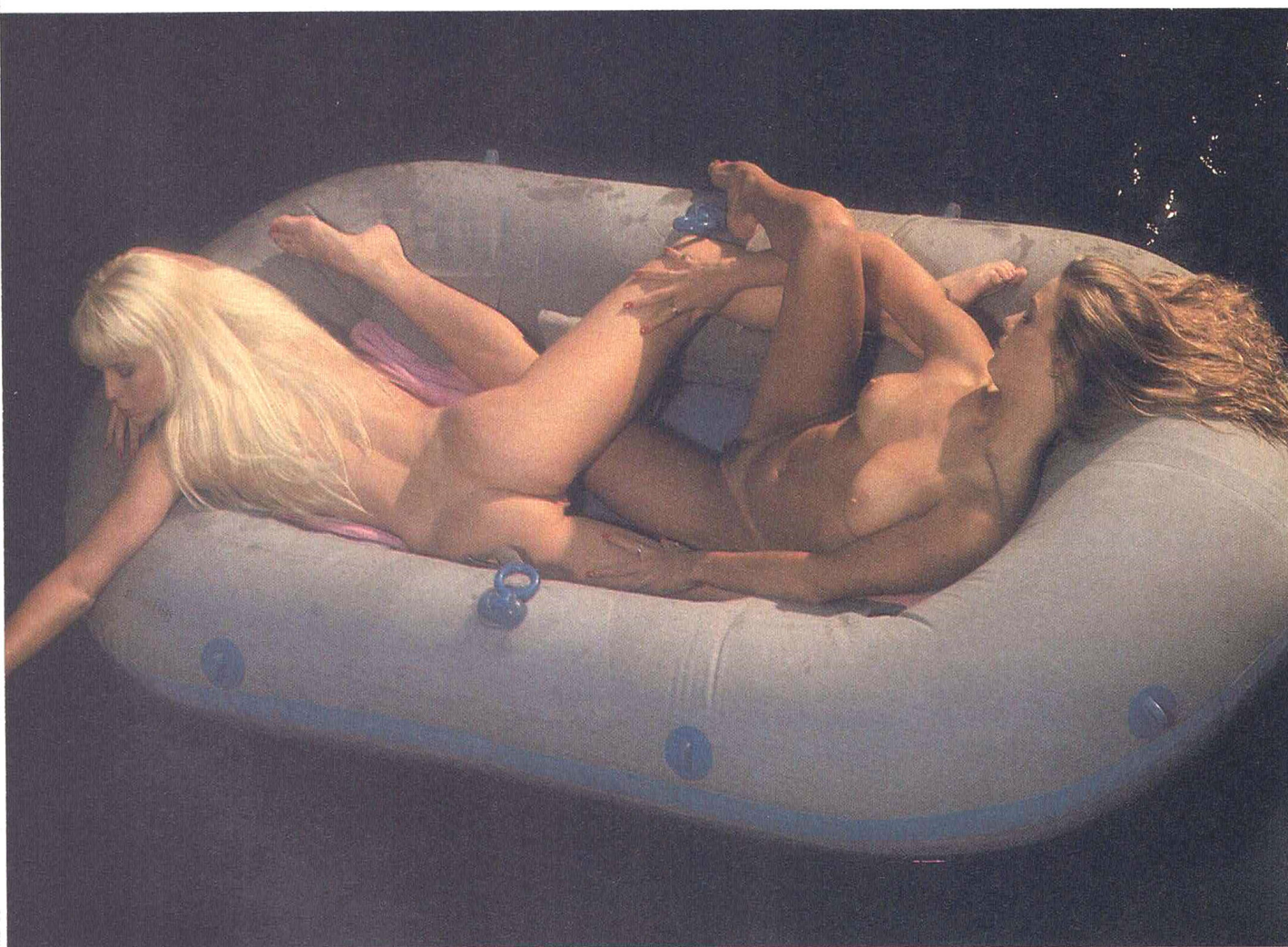
Sometimes, as we saw in Queensland, it will feel strong enough or desperate enough to shed all camouflage and strategy to walk naked through the world. But mostly it remains disguised by statements of good intention or calls to toil and sacrifice.

It is the real enemy within: the mutant gene of power and control that sets up the slide towards repression in the name of freedom. 

I o v e b o a t

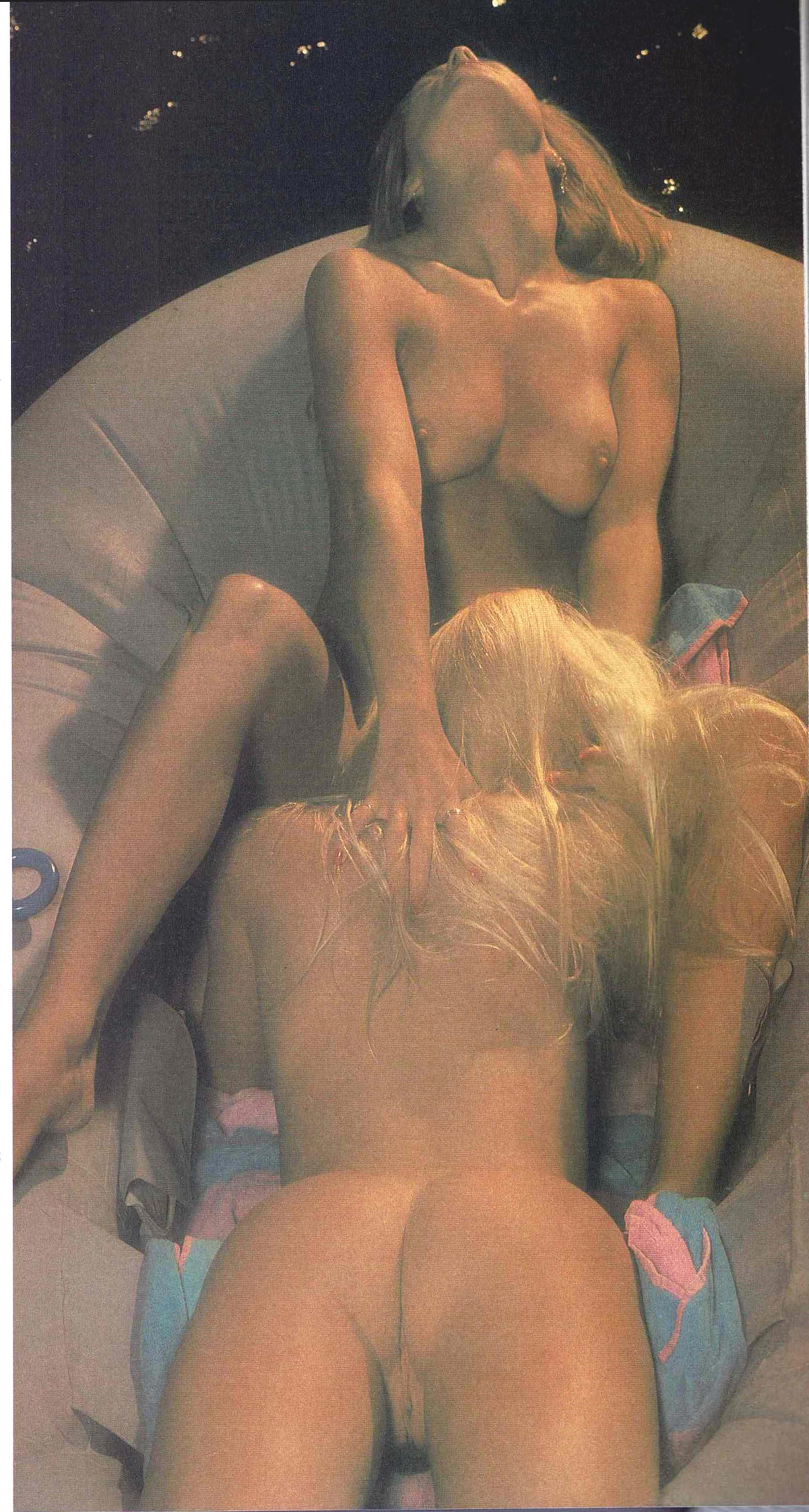
It wasn't much of a boat to begin with . . . more like an outsized inner tube . . . but it floated and had oars. Robbie climbed into the water-bed bottom and pronounced it loveteworthy.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER





Sailing was not necessarily their thing but the lagoon became a magical sea and Shannon's sun-dappled body was all the navigational aid Robbie would need.





Land ho! And it was all hands on everything but deck . . . mouths and tongues moving in the rapturous rhythms of earth and tide . . . and Robbie and Shannon . . . sailors who went down to the sea . . . and each other.



the second coming

MOTORING BY PETER MCKAY

Eight years after abandoning the V8 engine, Ford has done a U-turn. . .

New boss, new broom. And now the V8 engine is back in the Ford Falcon and Fairlane/LTD. The 5.0-litre V8 from the Yankee Mustang is now flexing its muscle in the engine bay of Australia's only remaining indigenous mass-produced car.

And this may not be the end to the V8 renaissance. Falcon V8s are destined to blast around Mount Panorama again. And Ford Australia wants to produce hot Falcons with heaps of go, via a newly-created Special Vehicles arm. Remember the massive 351 cubic inch? Dead it ain't. It could be limbering up for another gallop down thunder road.

When Jac Nasser took over as the President of Ford Australia early last year, one of his priorities was to rehabilitate the blue oval brand's fading performance reputation in this country. In the hands of conservative bean-counters, Ford had made money at first but then began losing sales as it lost touch with the changing needs of a volatile, image-conscious market.

The decision to drop the V8 engine in 1982, taken in the late Seventies at a time





second

when fuel supplies could not be guaranteed and oil prices were leaping, came back to haunt the marketing men.

Arch-rival Holden, which retained the V8 (after earlier deciding to dump it too), had gained a valuable edge. The Commodore V8 kept winning on the racetracks, while the Ford flag was being flown in local competition by a model not sold here, the swift — if comparatively effete — European Sierra.

What the bean-counters could never appreciate was the deep and abiding love Australian motorists have for the effortless pulling power of a lazy V8. Link its on-road performance to a string of motor sporting successes, particularly at Bathurst, and the V8 provides a historical process that turns a lump of metal into a automotive legend.

Nasser, who is just 43 and an Aussie of Lebanese ancestry, has always been a bit of a revhead. Beneath the whiter-than-white shirts and tailored suits there's a comforting touch of larrikin about him. In his early days at Ford Oz, before his career path took him abroad to Asia, the US and Latin America, the budding exec trundled around Melbourne in a throbbing GTHO. He is also a motorcycle nutter.

His affection for cars did not wane one jot as he moved up to assume tenancy of the office of the grand poobah of the Ford Motor Company, Australia's leading car maker.

Shunning the almost-obligatory chauffeured LTD, his self-drive personal transport today includes a turbo Sierra,

turbo Capri convertible, Maverick off-roader and, at various times, a one-off special 5.8-litre (351ci) V8-engined Falcon belting out more than 300 horsepower.

The last-mentioned Falcon was built at Nasser's behest, and not simply because he might have wished to get wide-eyed during a fast blast on any Sunday. No, this is one of five development models, precursors perhaps to the return of the ground-shaking cars that ate Bathurst in the late Sixties and early Seventies, the evocative GTHO and its successors, the Phase Two and Three.

If marketing, social and political pressures don't slam the shutters down on the project, this car may evolve into the Falcon GTHO Phase Five (the Phase Four was stillborn in 1972, killed by grandstanding politicians who whipped up a convenient supercar "speed kills" controversy).

The engineering mules were built not here but by Jack Roush Engineering in Detroit.

Jack Roush? It's a name hardly known on this side of the Pacific. In the racing and high-performance car business in the US, though, Roush is The Man. A modern-day Carroll Shelby, millionaire Roush is the Maestro of Mega-Horsepower, the Guru of Grunt.

Roush's outfit does much of Ford's contracted chassis and engine development. He also has teams in Trans Am and NASCAR racing. He wins and wins often.

It was Roush who Ford Australia asked to handle the engineering development of the 5.0-litre V8 Mustang engine, and its adaptation to the 1991 Aussie EA Falcon. And Nasser asked him to get radical and produce the ultimate performance road-

going Falcon, with the 5.8-litre V8 — or "the 351" as most Australians know it — as the centrepiece.

Nasser wanted a fire-breathing Ford that could knock the socks off any known Holden Special Vehicles Commodore V8. While it was just a prototype, there was always the real possibility that it would see the light of day in the future as a SVO GTHO Phase Five. Such a beast, Nasser reasoned, would haul the long-ignored Ford revheads out of the woodwork.

Roush began with a standard 351 Windsor block and then rolled up his sleeves.

The regular bore and stroke was untouched, but in went forged pistons with molybdenum steel rings and polished connecting rods. The crankshaft was ground to give some elbow-room to the non-standard items which extended to a mildly worked camshaft, aluminium wedge heads, stainless steel valves and the SVO Motorsport springs, retainers and roller-rocker arms. The intake ports were enlarged and an induction manifold fabricated and fitted. An exhaust system with double catalytic converters and twin mufflers somehow appeases the pressures of performance and the environment. Roush also had to play around with the electronic fuel injection, and the inevitable mods for a car with right-hand drive.

He came up with a moderately-wild street engine that has, he says, no obvious trade-off in durability.

Shoe-horned into the Falcon, it dynoed at 227 kW at 5000 rpm, with a whopping 475 Nm for torque. A beefy five-speed

Continued on page 128



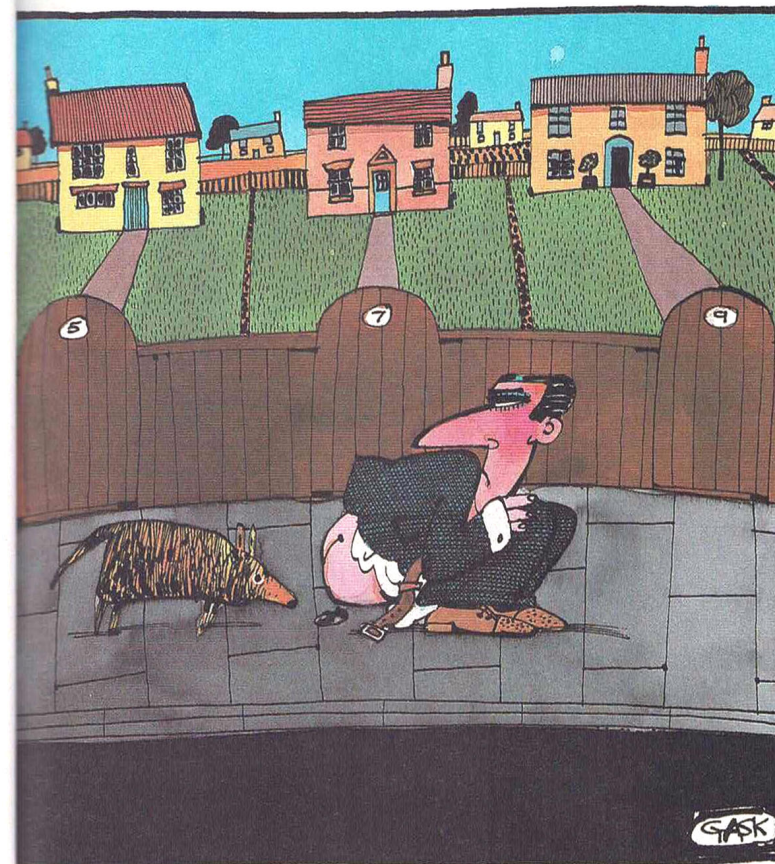
**A dog training
guide in ten
easy lessons**

BY JEROME GASK



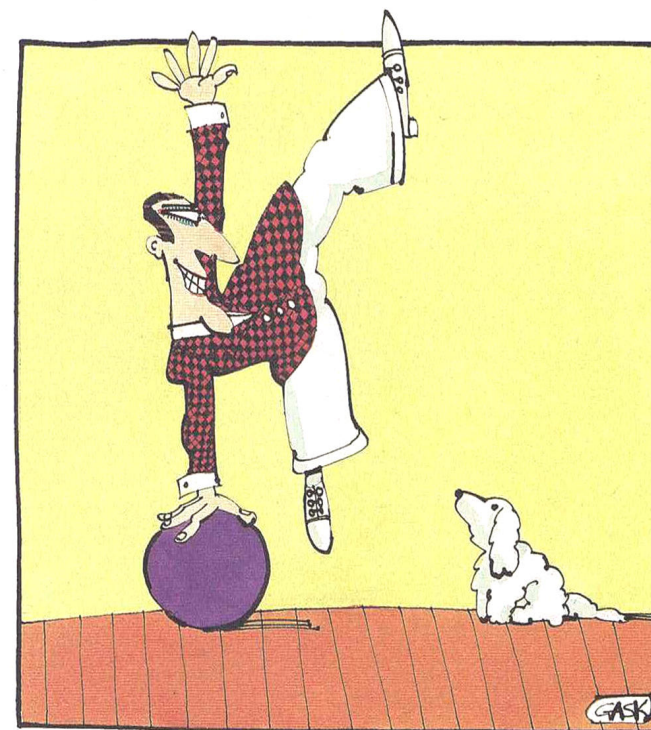
LESSON ONE

Pavement toilet training must be encouraged at an early age.



LESSON TWO

If Lesson One fails, pavement toilet training should be demonstrated by example.



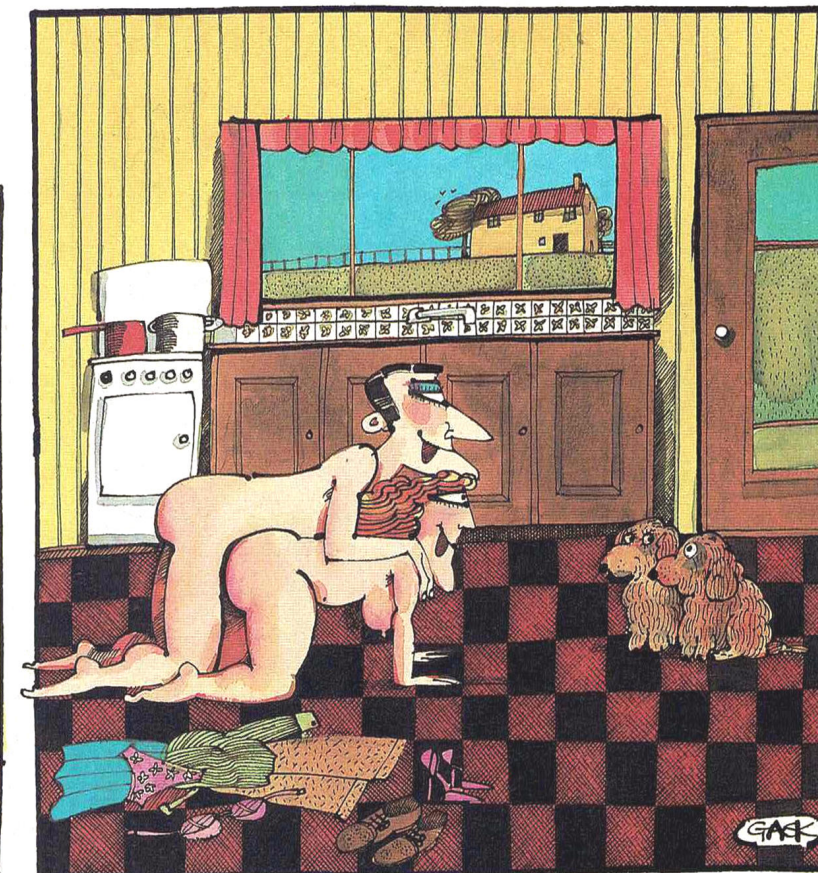
LESSON FOUR

Old dogs should not be discouraged from learning new tricks.



LESSON THREE

It is very important when feeding snaggy dogs to locate the correct orifice.



LESSON FIVE

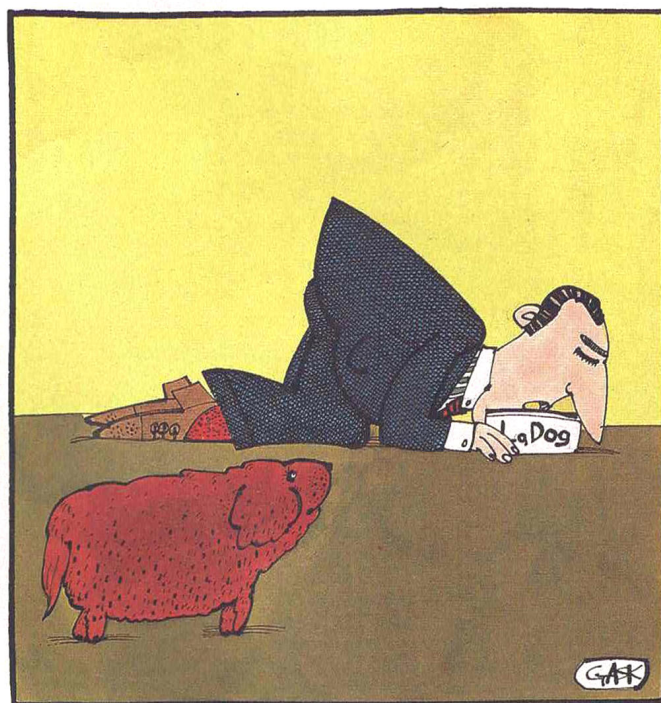
When the time is right, make sure to demonstrate the correct method of reproduction.



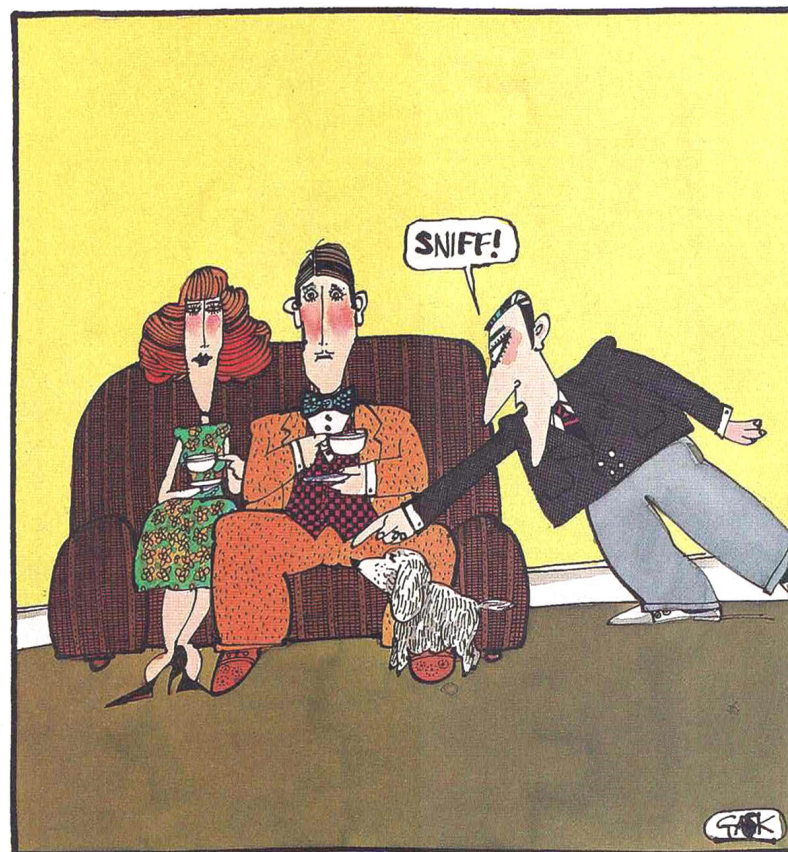
LESSON SIX
The art of postman biting should be displayed with discretion.



LESSON SEVEN
A convenient way of solving dog travel problems



LESSON EIGHT
Your dog should be taught to appreciate doggy nouvelle cuisine.



LESSON NINE
Teach your dog how to get rid of unwanted guests.



LESSON TEN
And finally, always remember — a man is dog's best friend.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MOORE

Thai silk

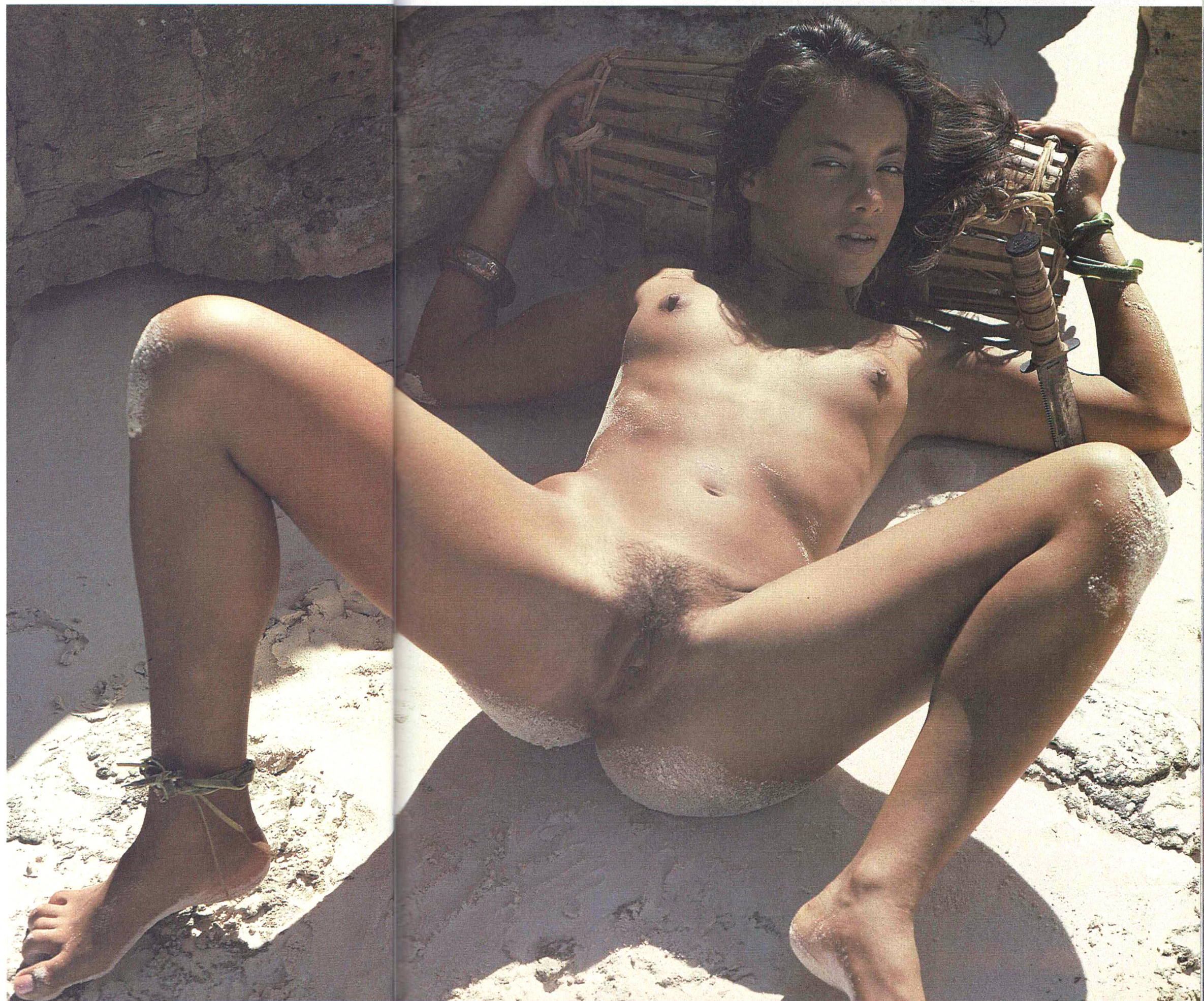


"Everybody loves Thailand," says Sarian, a Bangkok beauty now living on the island of Phuket. "And with good reason. This is a friendly, open country and we like to make visitors welcome."

Sariang, 19, spent two years working in her father's silk shop in Bangkok. "But that city is crazy!" she says. "The traffic is so bad that you can't go anywhere." With the help of her father, Sariang has opened a small silk store on Phuket, catering for the tourist market.



"Until my sister finishes school and comes to help me, I'm on my own here," Sariang says. "It's not such a bad place to be, but I miss my family and sometimes I get lonely. There are lots of people to go out with," she smiles, "but I like to keep it loose. I want to be ready when that special someone walks through the door."





advisor

Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

Hair horror

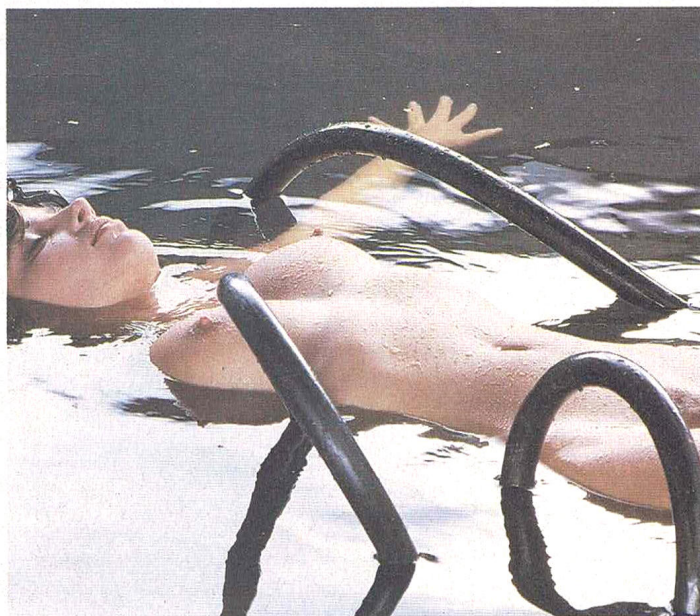
Please help me. I am 21 and a relatively straight guy. For years I have constantly wanted to have hairless, smooth legs rather than my naturally profuse growth of body hair. I have tried everything in order to look and feel as I want (need) to but to no avail. I have tried shaving which, after only a couple of days, always leaves me like a cactus tree. I have tried waxing strips which cost a fortune, but I cannot stand the pain of doing it myself. I recently purchased a coil epilator but I would honestly rather slam my fingers in a car door than continue using one of these. I have tried numerous electric shavers but that was even more useless than razors. Being a male I could not contemplate going into a salon and asking them to wax my legs and buttocks. If I were a girl I would not need to even hesitate. I cannot stand the look and feel of hairy bodies. What can I possibly do?

Believe me, if there was an easy, permanent, painless, cheap way of removing body hair, the women of the world (and some of the men) would already be using it. It looks as though you've tried most of the options. You could try a depilatory cream, which stinks but doesn't hurt, but it's not cheap and won't solve the problem of regrowth. Electrolysis is a more permanent solution, but it's usually used for eyebrows, etc, and you'd need to be a millionaire to get your legs done. The other thing you might consider, since you clearly have a phobia which is distressing you, is to consult a behavioral psychologist and be trained either not to mind body hair so much, or not to mind going to a salon to have it removed.

Fetishes

Why are men more prone to fetishes than women?

Men are biologically constructed so that



they must be turned on to perform. Women are biologically constructed so that they can get turned on as they are performing. Fetishes are nothing more than guaranteed turn-ons.

Jock attraction

I'm not sure how to deal with this. My girlfriend always used to ask me to leave my jocks on until the last minute when having sex. She always used to whip them away to the wash. Once, in the bathroom, I saw her sniffing a pair of them really heavily before washing them. I didn't let on that I'd seen her. A few days ago I arrived home to find her lying on my bed masturbating like crazy with a pair of my dirty jocks on her face. I finished the job off for her, but have been too embarrassed to ask about the jocks. She hasn't made any effort to explain.

Your girlfriend appears to be turned on by the smell of your dirty underwear. It may be a bit embarrassing for you and for her to discuss it. Is there any need? It's a harmless enough habit, and you get your jocks washed. Some men arrive home to find their girlfriends having sex with other men. At least she was on your bed, using your jocks. If you must ask her about it, do it lightheartedly and if she definitely doesn't want to talk about it, don't press the issue.

Forbidden fruit

I have a terrible case of the hots for my best friend's new wife. I can barely sit still if she's around. I keep making arrangements for all of us to go out together, just

so I can see her. But my own wife isn't that keen to go out all the time, and is beginning to make jokes about me "just wanting to see Jenny." What do I do?

If Jenny's just married your best friend, I doubt she'll be on the lookout for other men. And I doubt your best friend will be that eager to share her around his mates. And your own wife obviously isn't blind. Short of suggesting a foursome (and only you know whether or not the others will be interested in that), there's not much you can do, except pull your horns in. These things tend to blow over

as quickly as they arrive.

Tongue twister

I don't like full penetration of my anus, but I love to have my arse licked and tongue-fucked. My boyfriend thinks it's a disgusting idea and says I'm perverse. I've tried to do it to him, to show him how nice it is, but he won't let me near that part of himself and gets quite angry if I try. What should I do?

Lots of men associate matters anal with homosexuality and therefore steer clear. Different things turn people on and off. If he really doesn't want to have his arse licked, or to lick yours, there's not much you can do to make him. A little surreptitious persuasion might edge him along — try stroking his arse while giving him a blowjob and see if he likes that. Take it from there.

Ben wa balls

Help! I have been given a pair of ben wa balls and I don't know how to use them. I have inserted them and rocked back and forth (as per the brief instructions on the box), but with no sign of orgasms. Apparently Oriental women reach great heights of ecstasy using ben wa balls. What am I doing wrong?

There don't seem to be any accurate directions for ben wa balls; no one seems to really know what to do with them. They are surrounded by myth, and one such myth is that Oriental women have a great time with them. But we have yet to interview an

Oriental woman who has had these alleged orgasms while walking down a street or sitting in a rocking chair. I think, really, the main benefit of ben wa balls is that they are something different, and they inspire the imagination.

Sperm puzzle

Up until recently, I used to jerk or suck my boyfriend off because I was afraid of becoming pregnant if he went all the way. But he says that as long as his come is thick and yellow, it signifies that the sperm is immature, and therefore I wouldn't get pregnant. Once his come becomes milky and white, then it's mature and I need to be careful. He says that a man must clear the build-up of immature sperm from his system before the mature sperm starts up, and therefore we can have sex about six times before it becomes dangerous. Is this true?

No, it's complete rubbish. Your boyfriend is either very ill informed or he's deliberately trying to mislead you. Sperm matures inside the testes. The fact that it's thick as soon as it leaves the body, but clearer and thinner after a few minutes, is

explained by a chemical reaction contained in the fluid carrying the sperm. Every ejaculate will change consistency from thick to thin after a few minutes outside the body. If you are worried about falling pregnant, use condoms.

Organ grinder

I'm a 25-year-old single male and I'm 6'3". I have some sort of problem with my sexual organ. Due to continuous masturbation my sexual organ is weak. It's about seven inches long when erect but after ejaculation or at a normal time it becomes very weak and small. What is the problem?

Er, yeah. That's what male organs are supposed to do. They are only supposed to become erect and hard when you're sexually aroused, and after ejaculation (not always, but mostly) they collapse and return to their normal flaccid state. No matter how much you masturbate, it won't physically damage your dick. You can do it as much as you want. But what did your organ used to be like before it became "weak"? If it was erect all the time, whether you were contemplating sex or not, then something was wrong. As it is



now, I don't think you've got too much to worry about.

Trouble and strife

My wife and I have been married several years and have three children. My wife is a professional person with a good company, and moved to a senior position earlier this year. She has been going to courses in the city, sometimes from 9am to 9pm. She tells me that at these meetings she sometimes encounters men she knows from her days at uni, before we met.

My wife has kept a photograph album from her uni days, showing pictures of the men with whom she went to dances, balls, reunions, etc. I have started to take an interest in these photographs lately and have asked my wife why she needs to keep them. She said that what she did before she met me really wasn't my business, and anyway, she wants to have them to look back on later in life. Some of these pictures are just of men — she's not in them. I also told her that I didn't keep any pictures of past girlfriends, and don't need to. I can't understand why she must keep pictures of men she went out with before she met — and married — me. Now she has hidden the album, which hasn't solved the problem. It is causing me a lot of distress. Is it normal for a married woman to keep an album of her past boyfriends all these years, or am I just putting sexual meanings into the whole problem?

Yes it is, and yes you are. Women — married or not — keep photographs for exactly the reasons your wife has given you — for memories. I very much doubt your wife is secretly poring over her album and lusting after the men in it. After all, she met you after she'd known them — and she still married you, didn't she? It seems to me the real problem is that you feel threatened because your wife is moving ahead in her career, which in turn is bringing her into contact with people she knew — and went out with — at uni. Instead of telling her your real fears, you've focused on her album and you've got yourself muddled into thinking there's something sexual going on. You can't eradicate your wife's past, and you've no right to try. But you do have a right to some reassurance if you're feeling left out. Leave the album alone, now. Tell your wife that you need to spend some extra time with her in the interests of love and romance. O—

SPORT ACTIONS

Continued from page 30

can call 'reckless play', is important, particularly in the contact sports.

"It's difficult for a court to apply principles to fast action sports played at close quarters. The Malcolm Johnston case, where jockey Glenn Fraser took Johnston to the NSW Supreme Court following Fraser's fall and injury in a 1978 race, with a consequent charge by the stewards of careless riding against Johnston, creates an awful precedent for the future. Johnston was ordered to pay the other jockey \$120,000 and the court took the view that Johnston's action in cutting across the field sharply constituted negligence. The case is interesting because the judge has said one jockey is liable to another for what occurs." (The decision was based on the law as defined by the previously mentioned English soccer case, *R v Bradshaw*.)

Interestingly, lawyers don't always have a choice who they defend. Jockey Fraser approached Love to launch the action against Johnston but Love declined because Johnston was his client. Love advised Fraser to approach another solicitor, who then won the case against Love and Johnston. While both solicitors were paid for their services, Australian lawyers are considering a system where they would share in the settlements awarded to their clients as well.

Unlike their Aussie counterparts, American lawyers take cases on a "no win, no fee" basis. This is done on the understanding that if they're successful they can pocket up to half the client's award as a contingency fee. US sportspeople who lose their court case therefore find themselves with no costs to pay — a no-lose situation. It takes no more brainpower than that of an average front-row forward to realise this set-up encourages a surfeit of actions by players and an "ambulance chasing" mentality from lawyers trampling over each other in the rush to take on clients.

In November 1989 the Council of the Victorian Law Institute adopted a policy recommending to the state government that contingency fees should be introduced in Victoria. The Victorian Government has referred consideration of legal fees structure, including the contingency fee proposal, to the Victorian Law Reform Commission. (At the moment it looks a fair bet that the Canadian system, a sort of hybrid of the US and Australian systems, will be adopted. It retains the awarding of some costs against the loser as a deterrent against lawsuit mania.)

While Malcolm Johnston was found guilty of careless riding by the stewards, how realistic is it to expect a high level of care in fast action sports? In football, a

player's first instinct almost invariably turns out to be the correct one.

If, therefore, he suddenly spins around and lifts his elbow to protect his face, but decks an opponent in the process, is he "exercising reasonable care"?

In a game of golf it's appropriate to look around before you drive the ball. Likewise, a swimmer doesn't dive in on top of another. But the same high level of care is a problem in collision sports, where split-second timing is important.

There is mounting pressure on the Australian courts to play a greater role in defining just how hard an athlete can participate in body contact sports. In other Common Law countries, particularly the US, this pressure is threatening to stifle the whole approach to adventure, risk-taking, physical fulfilment, deprogrammed holidays and contact sports.

A recent decision in Saskatchewan, Canada indicates the direction that may

“
Unlike their
Aussie counterparts,
American lawyers
take cases on a “no
win, no fee
basis.”

be taken in the future. A player appealed against a sentence of one day in jail and a \$250 fine in a case involving an assault during an amateur hockey game. The judge hit him with a jail term of 30 days.

On top of that trend, there's a mountain of negligence cases before the Australian courts right now. A photographer is suing a hammerthrower, his coach and the Australian Institute of Sport after allegedly being hit by the hammer while photographing the athlete. A teacher at a NSW school is being sued because a discus event allegedly proceeded without a safety cage. A parent and a child were injured.

An athlete who threw a 12-pound hammer, believing it to be a 16-pound hammer, is also being sued. He allegedly KOed an official at the nearby high jump pit. In Sydney a coach instructed a competitor to throw a javelin to the right field. The javelin speared a competitor in a track event.

You don't have to be a serious competitor to wind up fronting a judge; even recreational sports are not exempt from lawsuits. In the *Carey v Albany Golf Club Inc* action in the Supreme Court of Western

Australia, the plaintiff was hit by a golf ball from a practice tee back in October 1987, and was blinded in one eye. The trial judge awarded damages of \$115,000 (later reduced on appeal to \$75,000) because he ruled that the defendant had been negligent in the design of the golf course — the practice tee and fairway were dangerously close to the tenth green, where the accident happened.

The Stephen Watson case resulted in the largest sum ever awarded by a court to a sportsman in Australia. In 1987, the former Wollongong schoolboy was awarded \$2 million damages against the NSW Department of Education after breaking his neck in a schoolboy Rugby League game. Watson had never played hooker before and the teacher-coach chose him in that position only a short time before the game. It was successfully argued that Watson's neck muscles were too weak to play in the centre of the scrum, where the weight of a dozen bodies was focussed. The judgement had the immediate effect of reducing the number of volunteer coaches in schools and made neck-strengthening exercises mandatory.

Many amateur officials frankly admit they're unprepared for the legal challenges ahead. Their nervousness is amply demonstrated by the speed at which sporting organisations of all sizes have been incorporating. By acquiring company status and limiting the liability of members, they reduce the risk of losing their personal assets in a legal action against them. But they're still concerned about criminal prosecution.

A likely trend is that clubs, anxious to indemnify themselves, will issue directives insisting players operate within the rules. In the event of a judge finding against the player and the club, the club might sue the player for its share of the damages.

Or the club might claim on insurance for its liability. Insurance will encourage more player versus player actions, because a litigant will know he's likely to receive payment. Many actions in the past did not go past a preliminary chat with a solicitor because the player knew he faced an outlay of \$20,000 in legal fees and had little chance of recovering his costs if the guilty party had no money.

Where will all this leave the insurers? They're normally prohibited from seeking recompense from players except where wilful misconduct (as opposed to reckless lack of care) can be proved. If blanket insurance cover is introduced as a result of the Rogers verdict, we may see lawyers advising insurers to recover their money via wilful misconduct charges.

This would further reinforce the view of sports lawyers as ambulance chasers. The lesson is clear: lawyers are going to look upon sport as a way to fill the courts and thus their wallets. Or as Mark Twain said: "One lawyer in town will starve — two will make a healthy living." 

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY

"I'm a Pisces, my lucky number is eight and I don't believe in any of it!" says Danielle Rogers, 23, a breathtaking blonde from California. Danielle, who believes in keeping things rational, says she's a typical Nineties girl — flexible, independent, maybe a little cynical.

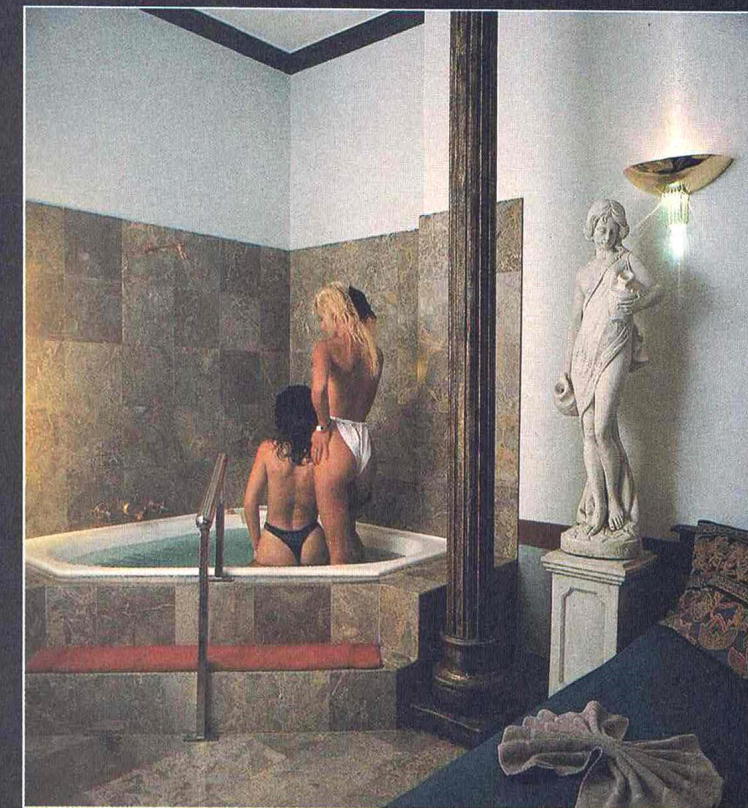
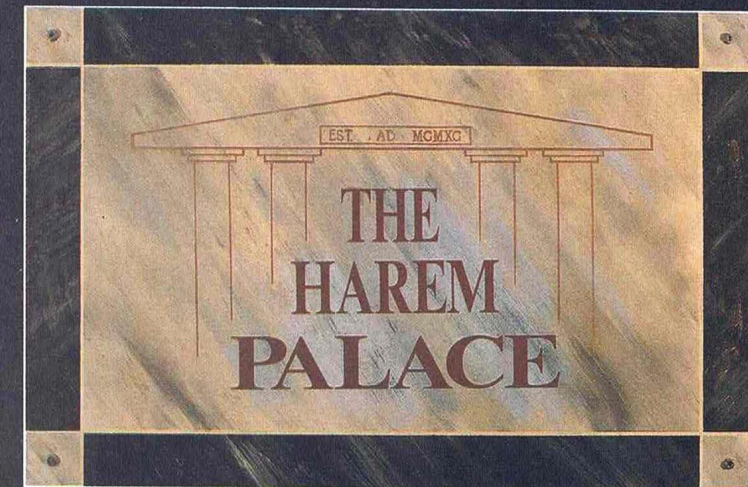
"I just don't believe in
cupids and roses and
happily-ever-after,"
she says. "I think it's
a load of old rubbish.
Or maybe it simply
hasn't happened to
me yet. You see," she
explains, "I need
variation. I don't think
I could bear to limit
myself to just one
man."







What Danielle enjoys most, she admits confidentially, is pleasuring men. "I can't help myself. Nothing turns me on more than a man who is horny as hell. I like to make a man sweat and breathe heavily. I like to know that when I'm finished with him, all he can think about is coming back for more."



Every picture tells a story and this is ours
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sweet dreams



Renee Bryant works in the city as a dancer. "It's a back-to-front lifestyle, staying awake all night and trying to get some sleep during the day," she says. "Dancing's okay and I have fun, but I'm beginning to think about doing something different, just for a change."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE EASTON

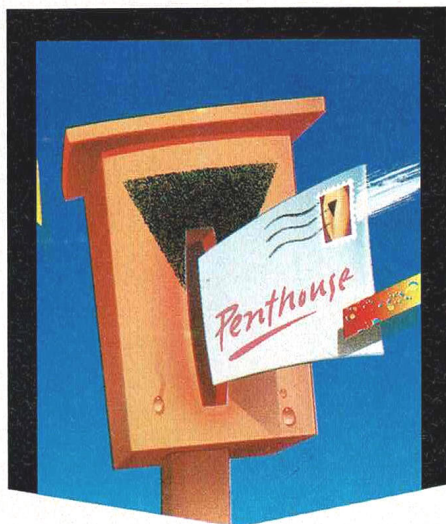






"I'd love to move out to the country and grow organic strawberries or something," she muses, "or meet a wonderful man and go and live in Monaco. Lie around on the Cote D'Azur and drink champagne on elegant verandas . . . Oh," she sighs, "dreams, dreams. I'd better think about getting ready for work."





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Continued from page 8

really got started. Gary picked out a videotape I'd never seen before and put it in the VCR. When he pressed the play button, I could hardly believe my eyes. It was a porno flick!

Gary sat down on the sofa and put his arm around me. I kept my eyes on the television, not sure if I should be embarrassed or excited. I did notice one thing: The men seemed more intent on watching me than the movie! A little while into the show, Gary said, "I think we've seen enough. We're

going to bed now."

With that he took my hand and led me upstairs. We got straight into bed, not even bothering to undress. I was so horny I just wanted to rip Gary's clothes off and climb on to his cock.

"Not so fast," Gary said, grabbing my hands. "Let's take our time." As he spoke he pushed me back on to the bed and began kissing me. Closing my eyes, I gave him everything I had. I took his tongue into my mouth and began to suck on it like a tiny cock. In return his hands brushed across my tits, gently stroking my nipples.

I was dying to fuck and he knew it. Little by little his hands flew across my body, feeling every inch of me. By the time he got to my pussy, I was on fire. Spreading my legs as wide as I possibly could, I told Gary to feel me. At the same time, I slid my hand into his pants and began to stroke his cock. We must have kept this up for half an hour before a voice broke in. "Are you two going to fuck or just play with each other all night?"

I looked up, too startled to speak. Robert was sitting at the foot of the bed watching us. From the smile on his face, I could tell he liked what he saw. "Don't mind me," he said. "I just came up to say good-night." I was about to protest when Gary pushed me back down on the bed. Before I could close my legs, he was slipping my panties off. I could tell I was in for the night of my life!

While Robert watched, Gary began to finger-fuck me. Gently, he put his middle finger inside my pussy and brushed my G-spot. A second finger followed, then another one after that. In no time, he had four fingers inside me and was using his thumb to stroke my clit. Needless to say, all this attention was driving me crazy!

Taking his fingers out of me, Gary said, "Let's really give him a show. Why don't you suck my cock for a while?" Gary lay down on his back and we got into a sixty-nine position. While he went to work on my pussy, I undid his pants and took out his cock. Looking Robert right in the eye, I kissed the tip of Gary's dick.

Meanwhile, Gary was really working me over. His tongue explored every inch of my pussy, darting in and out of my hole. God, it was incredible! When he took my clit between his lips and began to nibble on it, I thought I would scream. Wanting to pay him back for some of the pleasure he was giving me, I took the tip of his cock inside my mouth and began to suck on it. This drove Gary wild. He thrust his hips up off the bed, ramming his prick down my throat. I thought I was going to gag, but there was no way I was going to stop — not now!

I was so engrossed in giving Gary head that I didn't even notice Robert taking his clothes off. When I finally looked up, he was sitting stark naked in a chair smiling at me. I looked at his lap and could hardly be-

lieve my eyes. Pointing straight up at the ceiling was the largest cock I'd ever seen. It must have been nine inches long, maybe more. And thick, too! Robert could hardly get his hand around it.

I wanted to admire that magnificent tool, but Gary sat up and asked me to turn around. What could I do? I didn't want to disappoint my husband. Taking my eyes off Robert, I let Gary guide me into a new position. This time he was lying on his back with me kneeling between his legs. Leaning forward to give him head once again, I realised that Robert had a perfect view of my arse — and that my wet slit was an open invitation.

I didn't even feel Robert climb on to the bed until he grabbed me from behind and shoved his massive cock inside me. I must have let out a little cry of surprise, because Gary stroked my hair and whispered, "Don't worry, he won't hurt you. Does his cock feel good?" I could only nod, although good was an understatement. It felt fucking fantastic!

Gary held me in his arms while Robert fucked me from behind. We had to start slowly, on account of his cock being so big, but I got used to it quickly. After only a few moments, he was able to slam his meat into me as hard as he wanted.

It was like a dream come true. I had two cocks to play with and two men who knew how to use them. We must have tried 50 different positions before Gary finally said,

"I think she's about ready. Let me show you what she likes best."

With that Gary stretched out flat on his back and pointed to his cock. It was standing straight up in the air and I knew exactly what he wanted me to do with it. Spreading my legs, I climbed on top of him. I held my breath as he grabbed me and pulled me down on his stiff dick. Instantly, waves of pleasure raced through my body. Gary was right — this was what I liked best.

While Gary fucked me, Robert fondled my tits. He ran his fingers all over them, drawing little circles around my nipples. Every now and then, he leaned forward and put one of them in his mouth. All of this was more than I could stand — I had to come. Grabbing Robert's hand, I made him finger my clit while I bounced up and down on Gary's pole. I could feel a familiar pressure building between my legs. I was going to explode.

Just then Gary came, shooting his load deep inside my cunt. I threw my head back and screamed, experiencing one of the most intense orgasms I've ever felt. It seemed to last all night. When the ecstasy finally subsided, I fell back on to the bed. I was almost too weak to move, but I knew there was still one piece of unfinished business. Our guest.

"Your turn," I said, spreading my legs. Robert just smiled. "Your wife has fantastic tits," he said, looking at Gary. "I'd give almost anything to fuck them."

"Go ahead," Gary replied. "I bet she'd like that."

He was right. Lying on my back, I watched Robert straddle my chest. He slipped his cock between my tits and squeezed them together. I tilted my head forward so that I could watch Robert fuck my tits. Each stroke started in the middle of my chest and I wound up just under my chin. Opening my mouth, I teased the tip of his cock with my tongue. He closed his eyes, barely stifling a moan.

We kept this up for several minutes. I could tell he wanted to come, but he was holding back for my sake. He kept pumping my tits, working himself to a frenzy. I took his cock in my mouth every time it came near my face. Just when I thought he would keep going all night, he got up on his knees and began to jerk himself off. I wrapped my arms around his waist and pulled him closer, just in time for huge globs of come to spray all over my chest.

Afterward, we lay down together and fell asleep in one another's arms. That was almost a year ago. I wonder what Gary has in store for me this year. — *Name and address withheld*

Waking up

It was a warm and sunny morning. I rolled over lazily in bed and rubbed against my young lover. He is of average height with curly brown hair and a slim, fit

forum

body. My gaze ran down to his cock. He lay on his back and his shaft rested plump and soft in the curve of his thigh. His balls dropped in his scrotum down to his arse. He does not have a lot of pubic hair but what is there enhances the beauty of his penis.

I worship his cock. I love the look and feel of it, when soft or hard. I am awed by its strength and particularly by what it has the potential to do to my own body. His penis can spark a new life inside me as well as take me to the giddy heights of pleasure.

Quietly I moved over so that I could kiss his penis. First I stroked it softly with my fingertips. It rolled over on to his stomach and I knew it would start to get hard. I moved down to his balls and ran my fingers over his hairs. I watched in fascination as his scrotum contracted and his balls drew up closer to his groin.

Turning my attention once more to his penis, I ran my finger from his balls up to his glans and down again. After doing this a few times I stopped and watched excitedly as his cock twitched and swelled. In no time it was lying on his belly and pointing at his navel. Sitting up, I brought my tongue to bear, first licking his balls and then slurping up to the head of his shaft. As I did this, his cock gave a big jerk which lifted it off his belly and allowed me to take it into my mouth in one smooth operation.

Now sucking cock is really a turn-on for me. I am entranced by the thought that this incredible love instrument is in my

mouth. I sometimes fantasise about what people I meet in everyday life would think if they could see me with my cheeks puffed out and my full lips literally stretched around a stiff cock shaft. I have even orgasmed when eating a large banana in public and wishing that it were a cock.

Now that I had him, I swirled my tongue around his glans and pumped him in and out of my mouth. Not surprisingly my efforts woke him up and he stroked my hair lovingly in obvious approval at what I was doing. I could feel myself getting wet in my cunt and without taking my mouth off his penis I straddled his body with my cunt hovering over his face and chest. I now fed him deeper into my mouth until the soft crown of his glans was touching the back of my throat. I was able to hold his balls and massage the area between them and his anus. I did this while gently sucking up the length of his now totally rigid shaft.

Now arrived the part I like best. Taking just the head of his cock between my lips I tickled his cock-hole with the tip of my tongue and increased the massage on his balls. I could feel his orgasm building. Holding him still, I compressed and relaxed my lips. This had the desired effect. I could feel him starting to come, first through my fingers as his semen started its journey up his shaft. I could see his shaft expanding as it rushed up and then, wonder of wonders, I could feel his glans swell mightily and the sperm erupted on to my tongue. He came and came, his cock spurting strongly four or five times and then settling down to a steady stream of semen.

It was thick, creamy, white and sticky. Small globs of it clung to my lips and chin

and hung down in white strands. His cock was still pulsating and continuing to ooze semen from its shiny purple head. Lifting my head from his penis I rubbed the come all over his shaft, which was as stiff as ever. Soon it was glistening with spunk. The sperm I had in my mouth I now swallowed with erotic delight. His life-giving fluid entered my body. My lover's hands reached up to caress my breasts, the nipples of which were hard and protruding. He pulled me backwards so that I was lying prone on top of him with my long legs outside of his.

I slid down on him until I could feel his cock-head at the junction of my thighs. He was again fully aroused and, as when I started to suck him, his cock started jerking at the touch of my cunt lips. Smoothly he entered me, plumbing the depths of my body until our pubic hair interwove moistly.

Our position did not give much scope for fucking so, without parting, we rolled over so that I lay on my belly with him on top of me. He moved in and out a few times and then straddled me so that my legs were together between his. He brought his knees up until he was crouched over my backside with his hands on my shoulders.

We have mirrors in our bedroom as I could see him as he began to fuck me. His firm arse was rocking back and forth and his hard, wet cock was clearly visible appearing and disappearing between my buttocks. His balls smeared our combined juices along the backs of my thighs.

I felt quite at his mercy but loved it. There is something animalistic about fucking in this position. Me prone and submissive and he rearing over me like some great cat, plunging his erection again and again into my cunt.

My orgasm soon started. My breath shortened and my hands, stretched out in front of me, tightly grasped the sheets. All my muscles tensed and I could see my buttocks clenching hard as the ripples spread through me. He gasped in pleasure as my tight cunt repeatedly clamped around his shaft. But that did not stop the rhythm of his fucking, which was driving me crazy. I could not move from under him and just abandoned myself to the sensations pouring from my cunt.

His pace increased and he brought his knees up higher so that he could penetrate deeper. His thrusts became slightly erratic before, with a low groan, he buried his cock so deep that I could feel his glans hit my cervix.

I swear I could also feel his semen as he pumped it into my cunt. He clutched my shoulders and then withdrew so that his cock rested in between my arse cheeks. I could still feel it throbbing there, and in the mirrors I could see trails of semen running down the sides of my arse and into the curve of my back. Then he bent down and lay my back and nuzzled my ear, whispering, "I love you." — *Name and address withheld*

BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N forum

Dragon in the works

Working my normal night-time shifts cleaning toilets in city high-rises, I often have plenty of time to daydream. I like the number 13, because it is my birthdate, although some people consider it unlucky. That's why I like doing the 13th floor toilets in a building that is No 13 on its street.

First I did the men's toilets. Then I went into the women's toilets. I was surprised to see a cubicle being used this late at night, as most people had already gone home by now; but it sometimes happens, so I continued. As I scrubbed the wash basins and mirrors, I could hear short sighs coming from the cubicle. I carried on working, trying to ignore the noise.

But the sighs became louder and more pronounced, and as they did, I realised it was the sound of arousal.

I decided it was too good an opportunity to miss. I slowly got to my knees and edged my head closer to the bottom of the door. I saw a black stiletto on either side of the toilet bowl and two long, slender, coffee-colored legs extended and slightly moving. One had a stocking down around the ankle. I angled my head closer. Now I could see the knees and the tops of the thighs, but not the rest. Her sighs were getting quicker — she was close to coming.

If I put my head in any further, I thought, she would see me. But if she was in the throes of orgasm, she probably wouldn't. So I waited a few more seconds until she was right on the edge, and as she came, I stuck my head further in. Wow! She had her eyes closed and her head thrown back. One finger was frantically moving over her clit and the other hand had three fingers furiously fucking her cunt. She had a shaved cunt, and fanny juice was spread all over the place. Her leather mini shirt was up around her waist, and her coat was open to display her tits. Jesus! I nearly came there and then — I had my cock out and it was as hard as a rock.

Suddenly the toilet door opened, and a razor-sharp voice said: "What the fuck is going on here?"

The woman on the toilet froze and her eyes flew open. She looked down at me in shock. In trying to get out of there, I bumped my head on the door. Finally I was

able to look around. I saw a tall red-headed woman dressed similarly to the one in the cubicle — dark-green mini, matching leather jacket, and black lace blouse — standing at the entrance. I stood up mumbling.

"Er, I dropped my sponge and was looking for it."

She looked down and smiled sardonically at my still-erect cock. Bloody hell, I thought, this is it. I'll probably lose my job or get arrested.

But the red-head was still smiling. "Hey, Mandy," she said, "what do you think his punishment should be for spying on you?"

"Well. Tell him to open the door and we'll see."

With my heart pumping, I opened the cubicle door. Mandy was crouching up on the toilet with her knees open wide and her sharp black heels hooked over the edges of the bowl.

"Lick this," she commanded.

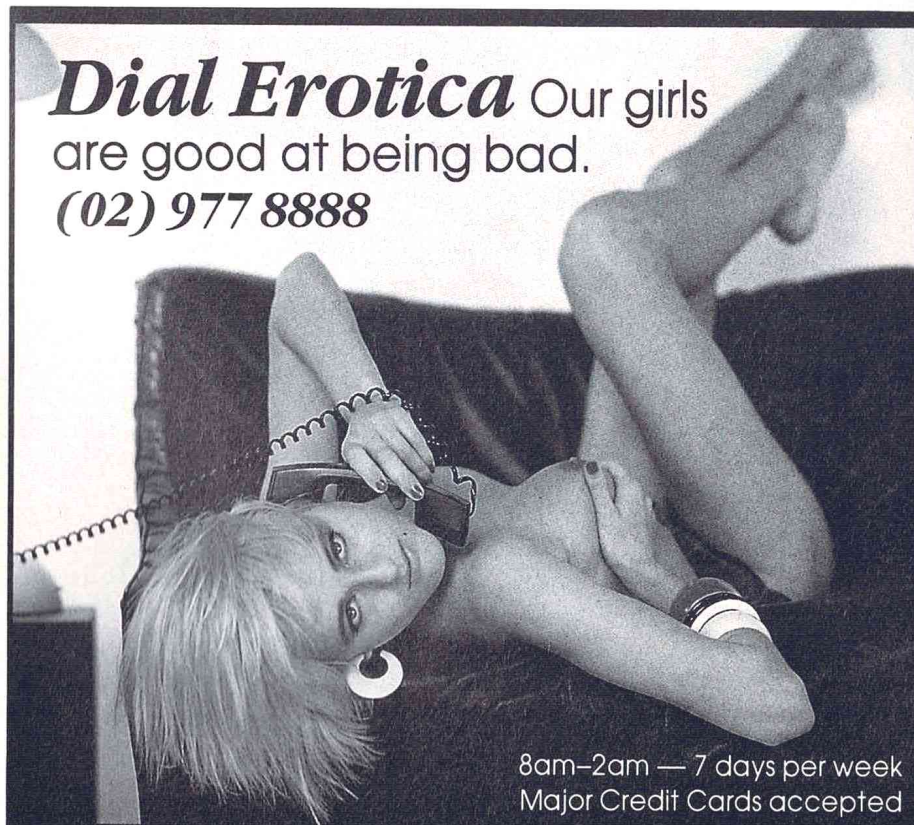
I dutifully got to my knees and licked the golden nectar oozing from her cunt. I managed to get a couple of licks at her clit, causing her to shudder, when the red-head, whose name was Vanessa, came up behind me and grabbed my cock. She caressed it and fondled my balls.

"Your next assignment," she said, "is to undress me."

As I peeled off Vanessa's leather jacket, I felt Mandy's hands on my cock. Next second she had it in her mouth and was slowly massaging the shaft with her lips. I tried to concentrate on undressing Vanessa. I caressed her tits through the thin cloth of her blouse with one hand. With the other, I reached behind her and unfastened her skirt, which fell to the floor. She stepped out of it as my hand travelled down to her small strip of soft red down. I slipped my finger further to part her oozing lips, and she started to groan and gyrate her hips as my finger played with her clit. Mandy meanwhile had set up a rhythm and was sucking me fiercely. I was about to explode into her mouth when Vanessa said: "Fuck me!"

Vanessa was already close to coming. I pulled my cock from Mandy's mouth, and angled it at Vanessa's cunt. She leaned back against the door and brought one leg up behind me. With a swift, hard stroke I plunged my raging cock deep into her hot, dripping cunt. Mandy had her hands on my balls, and somehow managed to lick my shaft as it plunged repeatedly into Vanessa. I could feel Vanessa's cunt muscles contracting, and she began to groan more loudly and more quickly, until suddenly she jerked from side to side and screamed. It blew me out, and I shot my load deep into the recesses of her vagina.

As I pulled out, Vanessa slumped back against the wall. But Mandy was on to my cock straight away with her hot mouth. In no time, her mouth and expert hands had me hard again, to my surprise. "Fuck me," she breathed. She sat back on the toilet



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with her heels hooked over the bowl and thrust her pussy at me. "Fuck me now, you bastard."

The position seemed a bit low, but I balanced myself by holding on to the top of the toilet. Then I filled her hot, shaved cunt with my pulsating monster. I started slowly, riding into her hard. She dug her nails into my shoulders and threw back her head, lips open. "Fuck me harder," she shouted. "Harder! Harder! Come on, fuck me, fuck me!" God, I fucked her so hard the toilet nearly came off its mountings. Her voice got higher and higher. As we came, I flushed the toilet. Mandy let out a scream of excitement as the cold water washed over her arse.

I barely had time to catch my breath when I felt Vanessa's long, cool fingers around my abdomen. She pulled me out of Mandy, who was on some other planet, and spun me around. Her blouse was open, her stockings were around her ankles and she was hot. The large tattoo that I had caught a glimpse of under her blouse was now in full view. It was a huge Chinese dragon, its head encircling her left nipple. I caressed and licked it while she fingered my cock. The dragon design travelled across her back to the other side, where it went down low over her belly. As I dipped my hand into her cunt to give her another finger, she bent over low and I saw, to my amazement, that the tail of the dragon went right up alongside her arse, to disappear into her cunt.

"Have you ever fucked a dragon?" she hissed. "No? Well, buddy boy, now's your chance."

I didn't waste any time charging my dragon slayer into her valley of desire. Vanessa howled and spat like a dragon as she came. I exploded with another load that I didn't know I had. And the toilet flushed as Mandy fingered herself to another orgasm.

They left me sitting slumped on the bowl, with a whole night of cleaning ahead of me. They slithered back into their stockings and leather, tucked their tattooed tits back into their blouses, tossed their hair over their collars and blew kisses as they left. The toilet door slammed behind them. I pulled up my jeans and licked the last of their juices off my lips. Then I picked up the Spray 'n' Wipe and began to clean the mirrors. — Name and address withheld

Making up

Things had been a little rough between us, and the earlier part of the evening had brought tears on both sides. Our first kiss was tentative, lips quivering and hesitant. The chemistry between us soon burned away any doubts though, and our passion multiplied with each passing moment.

For quite a while, we just lay there kissing each other, savoring the closeness

that we had feared was lost. When you moved down and gently bit my neck, I began to tingle all over. Nobody has ever gotten me so excited by such indirect means! Within moments I was writhing in ecstasy, and as you flicked your tongue into my ear, I ground my hips against you. Only then did you begin to touch me intimately. Sliding your hand under my blouse, you played with my erect nipples and ran your fingertips lightly across my overly-sensitive skin.

"You grind your hips against me as if you want something," you commented in mock innocence. The height of my passion overcame any other inhibitions that I might have harbored, and I answered that I wanted to feel your cock inside me so badly, I could hardly stand it. With a deep-throated chuckle, you moved down my body, removing my shorts and and panties in a single movement. I sat up to watch you undress, admiring the silhouette of your fully erect penis in the moonlight.

I fondled your cock longingly while you sat down across from me and began to unbutton my blouse. By the time you had my bra off, I could feel the wetness of your pre-come and quickly leaned over and took your cockhead in my mouth. You moaned as I slid your cock in and out, savoring the flavor of you. I felt your body nearing orgasm, but you pushed me back on the bed. "Save that for later," you instructed.

Pressing your body against mine, you resumed kissing me and fondling my breasts, then moved your hand slowly down my torso. Following your fingers with your mouth, you began flicking your tongue up my inner thigh, teasing me almost beyond the limits of my endurance.

I thought I was going to faint when you finally pressed your tongue firmly against my clit. Your skilful mouth brought me to a fabulous orgasm just moments later, and as I was still trying to catch my breath, you plunged a finger into my wetness, sending another jolt of electricity through my body.

After several mind-boggling orgasms, I tried to force my quivering arms to push you away. Sighing deeply, I closed my eyes and leaned back against the pillows. I was momentarily so sated that I only moaned deep in my throat when you thrust your cock into me in one smooth motion.

As you began a gentle, rhythmic stroking, however, my libido went into overdrive. Grabbing your arse, I pulled you deeper inside me with each thrust. Nearing your own climax, you rolled me over and pulled me on to my hands and knees. To no one's surprise, you found my G-spot almost immediately and made me come so hard that my arms collapsed under me.

The forceful contractions of my muscles around you, combined with my moans of ecstasy, soon brought you to the point of no return. "Oh, God . . . I'm coming," you moaned, clutching my hips as your body shuddered. You came so hard I thought it would never end. Feeling your hot wetness shooting into the deepest part of me triggered another climax, and my contractions drove you to greater heights of pleasure.

Collapsing on to the bed together, we lay unmoving for some time, our bodies slowly recovering from the intensity of the experience. We simply held each other for a long time. No words were needed. — Name and address withheld

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Murray Riley

Continued from page 54

portation. He also knew that the most marketable import was Thai "Buddha sticks", which had recently been introduced in large quantities by a New Zealander called Christopher Martin Johnstone — later better known as "Mr Asia" — who in 1975 had imported some \$4 million worth in a cruising yacht. By 1977 Mr Asia had turned his attention to the heroin trade and Riley saw an opening for a boat-load of Buddha.

Riley made contact with Sydney distributors to ascertain how much dope the market could take, then flew to Hong Kong to arrange a shipment of ten tonnes of cannabis through a member of the Chinese Triad, "Charlie" Chen Liu. Chen and Riley flew separately to Bangkok, where downpayments were made to plantation operators, trucking companies and the Thai military for protection. Then Riley flew back to Sydney to recruit a team.

Relying heavily on his cronies from clubland, Riley put together a gang of subordinates who would oversee various stages of the operation from guarding the cargo en route to supervising its distribution. Depending on the level of involvement, Riley promised each man somewhere between \$500,000 and \$2 million as their cut in the anticipated \$50 million profit from the sale of five tonnes. The other half of the ten-tonne order was to be minded throughout by Warren Porteus and Wayne Thelander, acting on behalf of a silent partner whose identity has never been revealed despite the numerous court cases and public enquiries that followed.

In Fiji Riley commissioned a Dutch skipper named Reinder De Graaf and his rusting 15-metre cruiser, but before De Graaf had left for the first staging point in Singapore, his boat burned to the water in mysterious circumstances. De Graaf was told to fly to Singapore and arrange another boat, but in Sydney Riley's team began investigating the possibilities of an airlift in a DC3.

In the end they stuck with De Graaf when he came up with a battered Auckland-based long-liner named *Choryo Maru*. While De Graaf piloted the ship to the Gulf of Siam, Riley flew back to Thailand to oversee the trucking of the contraband to the wharf, and to pay off wharf authorities. By March 30, 1978, when *Choryo Maru* left Thai waters laden with Buddha sticks and armed minders, Riley had invested more than \$750,000 in the cargo that inched its way towards the Australian coast, its every movement monitored by no fewer than four law enforcement agencies.

If there had been elements of farce in the scam so far, they now overtook the central plot. The *Choryo Maru* was contracted to deliver the cargo to a point in in-

ternational waters off the Australian east coast, but in view of the condition of the ship it was decided to abandon the plan to make the swap off Bermagui on the NSW south coast, and instead to transfer the cargo at Polkington Reef near the Solomon Islands. But Riley and his men, now under police surveillance, couldn't come up with a second boat. The crew of the *Choryo Maru* dumped the dope above the high-tide line in the hull of one of the wrecks on Polkington Reef and proceeded into Honiara. The longliner was out of the game.

By this time, half the minor dope dealers in Sydney knew that the "big one" was somewhere out in the Pacific and the "heavies" were waiting to bring it in and end the marijuana drought. They didn't know that almost \$100 million worth of dope was sitting on some scrap metal in the middle of the ocean while a large team of experienced criminals tried to find a boat.

Eventually in Cairns some of Riley's men tracked down a 20-year-old ketch called *Anoa*, a tough little workhorse with a range of more than 5000 kms. The boat was purchased for \$45,000 through a loan from Custom Credit, and in mid-May Reinder De Graaf sailed her out of Cairns bound for Polkington Reef. At the reef Riley's men loaded every crevice of the boat with the Buddha sticks that remained dry. They estimated that they took on 4.5 tonnes, leaving roughly the same amount in good condition. (What happened to this second quantity remains a mystery. It seems to have been someone else's problem.)

The ketch labored in heavy weather on the return voyage and the crew decided to again abandon the Bermagui rendezvous and put in somewhere along the NSW north coast. Thus, while Riley drove south to Bermagui early in June, the *Anoa* put in at Coffs Harbour, 1000 kms away. Two nights later the *Anoa* chugged into the mouth of the Camden Haven River and tied up at the tiny North Haven wharf. Drug squad detectives and Federal Police watched the unloading and then followed a truck to a house at nearby Lake Cathie. Then they pounced.

Murray Riley was driving north to meet the cargo when he heard news of the bust on the car radio. He turned around and headed south. Within two days the huge federal-state police operation had netted all the conspirators except Riley, a slippery man under pressure. But three weeks later an Adelaide police constable noticed something familiar about the fit, middle-aged jogger he had passed at Henley Beach on his way to work. By the end of the day Riley was under arrest.

Three months later he pleaded guilty to conspiring to import 1.5 tonnes of cannabis (another three tonnes had disappeared) and was sentenced to ten years' jail. The silver scallywag was down, but not yet out. 

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JOHN HARROL

Inevitably, 23-year-old Marilyn ("It's just Marilyn, honey — no extras") has been compared to Dolly Parton. "I like to say it's because we're both blonde," she giggles. "I'm not a singer, though, and I don't really like country music, so the similarity ends there."

**Traffic
Hazard**





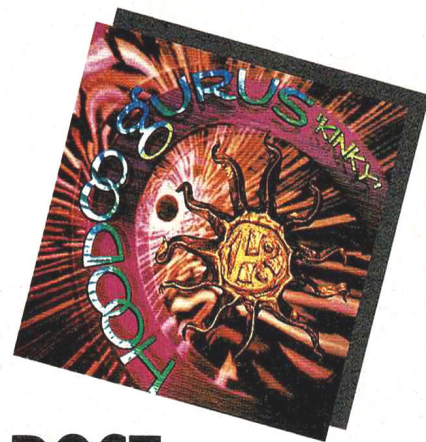


"The thing is, when you've got a chest like mine, you have to have a sense of humor," Marilyn says. "I get every sort of silly crack directed at me that you can imagine. I fight back. I have this skimpy little singlet with 'Traffic Hazard' stamped on the front of it. That does the trick!"





"The other thing that happens,"
Marilyn says, laughing, **"is that**
men always manage to press up
against me in lifts — even when
they're not crowded! Fortunately
I have my own car — I don't think
I'd survive a day on public
transport." Marilyn has a special
friend she's seeing at the
moment. **"Oh, yes,"** she winks.
"He's definitely a leg man!"



POST-APOCALYPTIC POP

Dance music has been all over the charts in recent times from people as varied as Bart Simpson, Messrs Hammer, Ice and Ms Dimples D. Now ambient house has staked a claim on the popular ear (overseas at least) with Enigma's *MCMXC AD* (Virgin). Mainly the work of German keyboard player **Michael Cretu**, it drips atmospheric sounds, some serious heavy (female) breathing in a mandatory French accent, house beats and that big hook, the old Gregorian chant.

From one self-made enigma to another. We have Matt Johnson or **The The** as he is conceptually monnikered, who has admirably charted his own course through the rocky shallows of pop-rock. In 1989 this one-man band took on regular sidemen with the likes of Johnny Marr (the Smiths) and David Palmer (ABC) to ignite the *Mind Bomb* album. His subsequent debut modestly took the form of a world tour. Australia saw the ensemble only a handful of dates into their live persona. *Versus The World* (Sony Music Video) documents the last three nights of that global haul at London's Albert Hall. Assured, brooding, atmospheric and didactic, Johnson is, as ever, the distanced commentator — the post-apocalyptic pop-star prowling the stage, reminiscing in advance about annihilation.

Away from the hustle and bustle of the footlights, The The have also released a four-track CD, *Shades Of Blue* (Epic), which includes Duke Ellington's "Solitude" and the song that worked

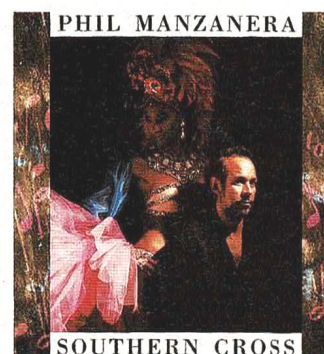
so well for Tim Buckley, "Dolphins."

Also caught live and with their trousers definitely up are those grandads of rock, the **Rolling Stones**. *Flashpoint* (Sony), recorded on their 1989-90 Steel Wheels/Urban Jungle World Tour, plays like a classic Stones concert, all cracking 77 minutes of it.

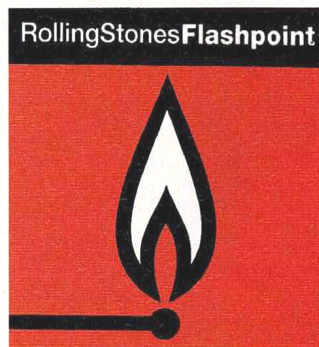
Bands inspired by classic Sixties pop harmonies and song structures are everywhere and in many senses a necessary antidote to the melodic desert and verbal diarrhoea of much rap. In England, the stylish home of many of the "reactionary" pop bands has been Manchester, but Liverpool has been quietly producing bands like The La's and even more fortunately the **Real People** (self-titled album on Columbia). The feel of the Stones' psychedelic hymn "She's A Rainbow" resonates through much of their set, as does the post-mop-top material of their hometown heroes, the Beatles. They're not, however, trying to slavishly emulate a former era. This is rich, driving original pop rock.

Some local real persons with a classic approach to pop music are the **Hoodoo Gurus**. They are fronted by one of the true gents of the Australian music scene, Dave

drummers or wailing horns (except for some wistful soprano sax from maestro Wayne Shorter). These are songs written with a painter's sense of imagery, a poet's sense of language and the old vulnerability of one who at times loves too much. A comfortable, folk-based album that echoes her settled life with partner/bass player/writer/producer Larry Klein.



Roxy Music are taking a short break equivalent to the lifespan of many bands. Bryan Ferry has been merrily trotting the globe under his own banner. Of the other Roxy stalwarts, guitarist **Phil Manzanera** has gone back to his Cuban roots for the Latin rock fusion of *Southern Cross* (Interfusion) and saxophonist **Andy Mackay** has gone back to his 1978 trip to China with the re-release of *Resolving Contradictions* (Interfusion). Mackay's instrumental work meanders from the folksy "A Song Of Friendship" to bluesy sax pieces and the cinematic "The Inexorable Sequence" where guitars, trumpets and tympani build to a thundering, inconclusive end. Manzanera has drawn heavily on the skills of Tim Finn for some vocals and songwriting. Other vocals are handled by Gary Dyson and Ana Maria Velez (who toured with the Eurythmics). Childhood memories of Castro's revolutionary rise pervade many tracks but Manzanera keeps a commercial yoke on any overly passionate outbursts.



Faulkner, whose passion for music machines doesn't really extend beyond the wah-wah pedal. *Kinky* (RCA) finds him and fellow Gurus in fine form with some good time Nineties psychedelia.

A new album from **Joni Mitchell** is always overdue, no matter how frequent the releases. *Night Ride Home* (Geffen) breaks a three-year silence. There are no hordes of Ghanian

Seventies glam rock production maestro Mike Chapman has given local band the **Baby Animals** a full-throated roar as they emerge from their initial studio gestation in Woodstock with an *Early Warning* (BMG). Aggressive, fast, confident guitar trio bash. — *Jeremy Cook*



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Clockwise from top: The Hoodoo Gurus offer Nineties psychedelia; Phil Manzanera goes back to his roots; the Rolling Stones are still rocking; and brooding blues from The The.



VERY HIGH ANXIETY

Actor/writer/director Albert Brooks will bring anxiety into your heart with his new satire, **Defending Your Life**. Imagine heaven as one of those "find yourself" courses. The key to it is not charity but self assertion. No wimps allowed. Playing a newly deceased wimp, Brooks squirms with the deadpan awkwardness that enlivened his previous efforts *Lost In America* and *Broadcast News*. Meryl Streep as the eminently self-actualised love interest, plays straight man to Brooks's schtick. Her role requires a softer humor than *She-Devil* or *Postcards From The Edge*, and she acquires every right nuance for her character's happy charm.

Though Brooks shares much of Woody Allen's ripe self mockery, his comedy is less direct. The jokes lie between the one-liners and in Brooks's quizzical tone, which at times is so reticent it nearly slips from the screen. As a poke at America's mania for self-improvement, *Defending Your Life* is sharp and affectionate, and would have been better had it

been a bit sharper.**

Think of **Thelma & Louise** as *Easy Rider* for Earth girls. In two bawdy, soaring performances Susan Sarandon and Geena Davis (*The Accidental Tourist*) take off through the American Southwest for sex and quixotic heists — cross Marlene Dietrich and Annie Oakley and you get some idea of the effect.

The gals go on the lam after Davis is sexually attacked and Sarandon shoots the would-be rapist, with no witness to testify to the murder's circumstances. This road movie takes on the theme of women's credibility in rape cases — but more so how much women have to take before they hit back, and how very much men dole out.

An intelligent script by Callie Khouri resists simplifying issues (the women could've gotten away without pulling the trigger), yet never sacrifices the drive of the film for the ethics debate. Director Ridley Scott (*Bladerunner*, *Alien*) turns his hectic camera-work to life on the run — to the glare from motel lightbulbs and the diurnal slants of the sun. Best are the women. Sarandon grinds with the provocation of hidden crimes. Davis winds her long, sexy body around a grinning goofiness for the best yahoo adventure since Dennis Hopper and

Jack Nicholson put a burr under America's arse.*** — *Marcia Pally*

A sun-scorched evocation of the pukka allure and hardship of colonial Africa is a star attraction of director Bruce Beresford's **Mr Johnson**. Adapted by William Boyd from Joyce Carey's novel, this is the story of the confrontation of two cultures as represented in two men faced with the task of building a road through forbidding Nigerian terrain and circumventing the elephantine bureaucracy of the British Empire. Twenty-two-year-old Maynard Eziashi plays the title character, a missionary-educated African junior clerk and overly enthusiastic Anglophile. Pierce Brosnan takes the role of his superior Harry Rudbeck, a civil servant bent on leaving his mark on Africa before his colonial posting is up. This is drama with a good dose of comedy, set against the awesome backdrop of the Dark Continent during a most interesting chunk of history. Also stars Edward Woodward.*** — *C.J. Mackay*

Mr And Mrs Bridge is a movie about middle America during the Thirties and Forties, and it follows the fortunes of an upper middle class marriage from its early days through to its decline. Mr Bridge is a lawyer, Mrs Bridge is a mother. There is a black maid to clean the large Bridge house and to attend to the cooking. There are three children, who grow up and move away. As he grows older, Mr Bridge grows more and more rigid, set in his ways, while Mrs Bridge's life becomes more and more empty and inwardly isolated. The seasons mirror the course of events, with all the happy bits happening in summer, and deep winter having descended by the end of the movie.

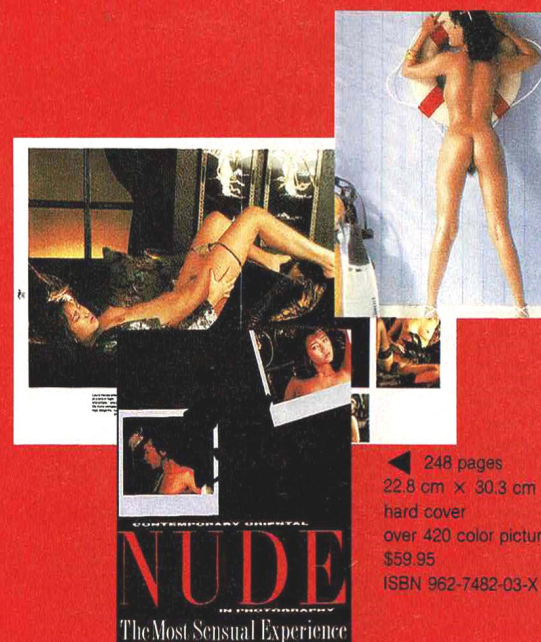
Directed by James Ivory (*Heat And Dust*, *Room With A View*), this film is slow-moving and thoughtful. Paul Newman, as Walter Bridge, and Joanne Woodward as India Bridge, both do justice to a sensitive script by screenwriter Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, based on the novels *Mr Bridge* and *Mrs Bridge* by Evan S. Connell.*** — *Trish Murphy*

Clockwise from far right: Beatie Edie and Pierce Brosnan in director Bruce Beresford's African odyssey *Mr Johnson*; Scenes from the atmospheric *Mr and Mrs Bridge*, starring Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman.



THE WILDEST SIDE OF THE EAST

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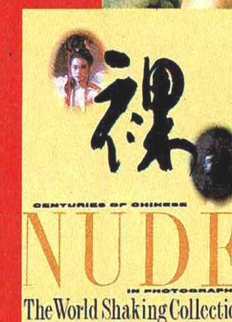
For thousands of years, the delights of the Chinese bedchamber and forbidden erotica were guarded from Westerners. You may have an impression that all these ancient beauties were timid, elegant and charming. That is true. But you might also want to know more about their loves and hates, laughter and sorrow too.

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hedonist

Al Goldstein is the notorious publisher of America's *Screw* magazine. He is an unabashed connoisseur of sensual pleasure with a wealth of knowledge on how to obtain it anywhere in the world.

HIGH TACK

Every once in a while a municipality comes along that sets the style for the age and influences people far beyond its boundaries. Shakespeare's London, Venice under the *doges*, Rome under the popes, Paris in the Twenties... and Las Vegas.

Now some people might naturally object to a glittery showbiz mirage marooned in

recognisable in the bars of Bangkok and the *souks* of North Africa. It's telling the world exactly what the world wants to hear: glitter is gold, after all.

They were forecasting doom for Las Vegas just a decade back, when the American economy was in the dumps and Atlantic City, on the US east coast near New York, was siphoning off some big-money gamblers. But the doomsdayers were wrong. Not only is casino gambling

Las Vegas Avenue — "the Strip" — the neon-soaked centre of the casino action. There are supposed to be almost 24,000 kms of neon tubing in this area of town alone. A "Vegas tan" is what you get when you spend too many long hours with a cigarette dangling from your mouth under the artificial lights of a city that's open for business 24 hours a day.

The hotels and casinos of Las Vegas like to try to convince that they are different from one another, but it is simply a question of gradations of Vegas glitz. The new MGM Grand (the old one burned down in 1980, was rebuilt, and bought by the Bally Corporation) will open next year out near the airport. You can see its Vegas-style kitsch going up now. Management promises a combination casino and "Hollywood Theme Park." That ought to fit right in with the rest of the hotel casinos, which shoot for something like a combination of Disneyworld and the sixth circle of Dante's Hell — the one reserved for the terminally greedy.

The Mirage, a huge, triple-winged orgasm of Vegas-ness, has its own volcano which erupts every half an hour after dark, searing any palm trees or pedestrians within reach of its steam, fake lava and gushing water. Down the Strip, winner in the gauche contest for the largest hotel in the world (it's even listed in *The Guinness Book of Records*), is the Excalibur. It is a fortress affair, with minaret-like turrets in its middle courtyard.

At the other end of the class spectrum is the Desert Inn, with a history perhaps more tangled and shady than anywhere else. Morris "Moe" Dalitz, mob manipulator extraordinaire, made the

Desert Inn the showpiece of Las Vegas before selling out to Howard Hughes in 1967. It remains what passes for

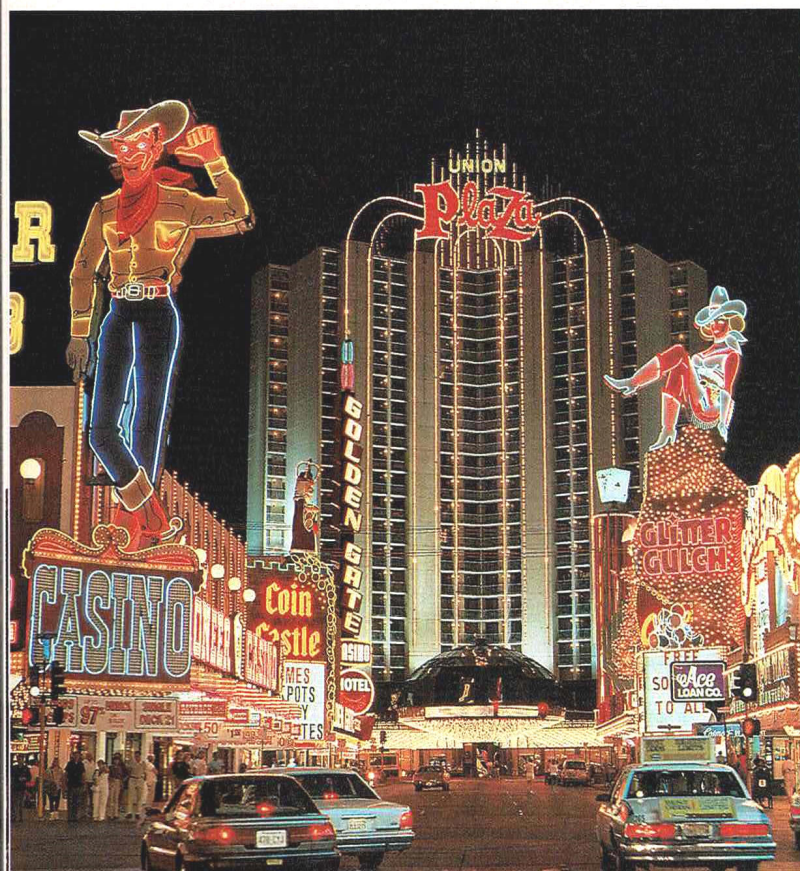
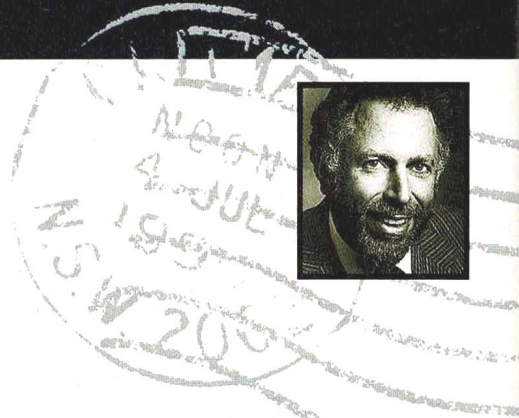
"Vegas hotel casinos combine Disneyworld and the sixth circle of Dante's Hell."

"quiet" in Las Vegas, which is a full-throated roar anywhere else.

Vegas style filters down into every area of human activity, from the vacuous entertainment presented on the stages of the desert city to the more intimate entertainment offered by the town's hordes of whores. The main thing to realise when you pay for sex there — and a call-girl is an integral part of the "Las Vegas total" — is that the call-girl is working for the casino. She's backed by the Man, and she's in your room as a courtesy.

The hooker's job in Las Vegas is to fuck you and suck you and then get you the hell back on the casino floor where you can be relieved of more of your money. This engenders a sort of speedy, impersonal sex whereby each move that sexy little thang makes is designed to expertly coax you to climax, pronto. Sex as a means to an end.

As the glitzy, bad-taste style of Las Vegas infiltrates the rest of the world, it seems to me that Las Vegas sex is becoming all too popular as well. If you find yourself lying in bed, spent and exhausted, feeling like you've just had sex with a whirlwind, and she's up and out before you've even had time to light a cigarette, then you've been visited by the dubious pleasures of Las Vegas-style sex. 



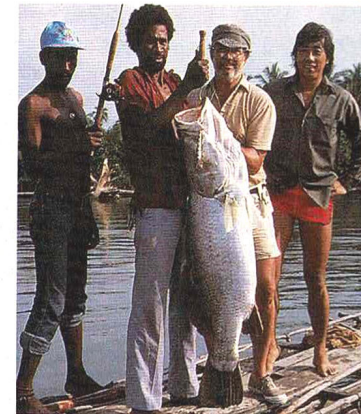
the middle of the American desert being listed among the heavyweight cities of all time. But look around you. Everywhere, all over the globe, there are examples of the glitzy, superficial design-sense that Vegas made famous: dazzling bad taste raised to the nth degree, artifice made an art. Vegas style is instantly

holding strong, but the city itself is booming, experiencing one of the highest rates of growth in the US. Suddenly people have decided that this one-time railroad backwater, organised crime franchise and hot sex Mecca was a nice place to raise kids.

You can feel the pulse of Las Vegas when you drive down

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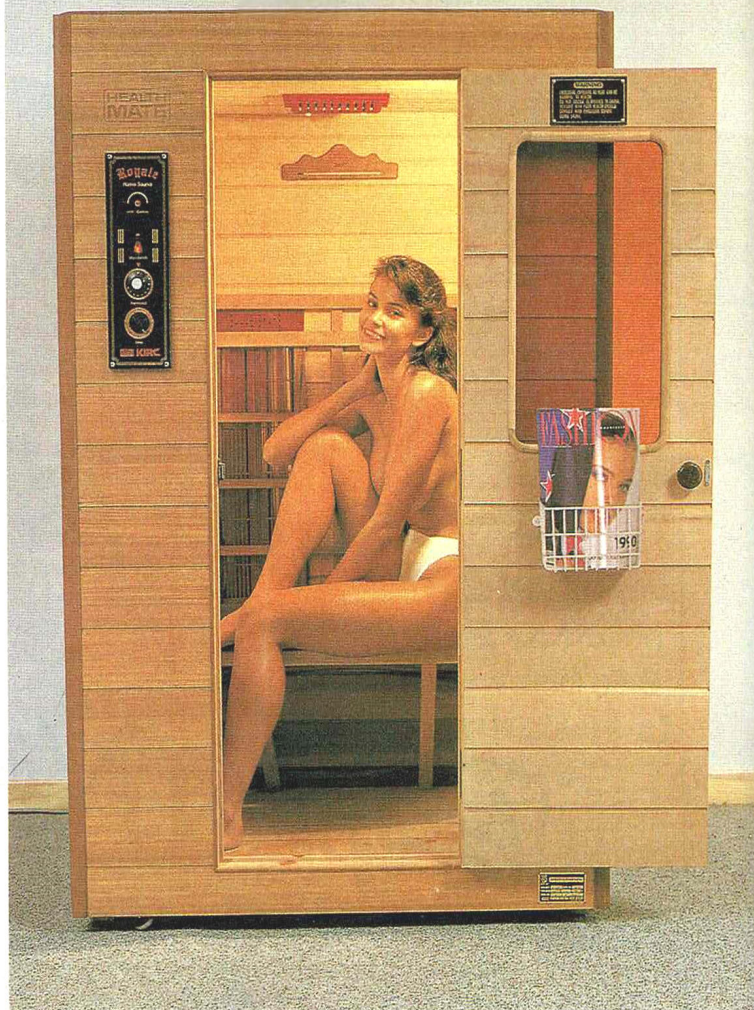
For more information on the ultimate sportfishing safaris, contact Sportfishing Adventures, 100 Clarence St, Sydney, 2000. Phone: (02) 262 4761. Fax: (02) 267 6118.

SPORTFISHING
ADVENTURES 

LOOSE ENDS

BODY HEAT

A home sauna that plugs into a power point, uses around ten cents' worth of electricity per half hour, can seat two people and takes up minimum floor space? Yep. It's called the Healthmate Home Sauna. It's made of Californian cedar, is portable and uses radiant heat which is a dry heat so no moisture escapes and enters the room. Price on inquiry from Spa-Time, Sydney, phone (02) 332 2533.



VISION SPLENDID

Briko sunglasses and goggles are chosen by ski champions Alberto Tomba and Marc Girardelli, as well as the Australian, French and Italian ski racing teams. Briko's new Thrama lens provides total UV protection and a blue-light filter for added contrast in difficult ski conditions. The Detector Matic Shield is the latest Briko development, providing the benefits of both goggles and glasses. The strong frame protects from impact, allows maximum vision and it's adjustable for optimum comfort. Ideal for skiing, snowboarding and paragliding, this model sells for a recommended \$234. Briko Team Goggles in single or double lens sell for \$93 and \$98 respectively, and Briko Visor Sunglasses, for all sports, sell for around \$110. At all good sport and ski outfitters.

boots 'n' all

If you're into stepping out, the Clarion range of hiking boots from Vasque will make light work of the heaviest tracks. The boots are designed for extended trips on trails with light-weight packs; the uppers are nylon Cordura and split leather, while the soles are shock-absorbent rubber capped with a tough outer sole and toe box for protection and grip. The boots are lined with a soft inside stormsock, and the Vasque variable-fit system allows a custom fit option for different widths of feet. Vasque boots are distributed in Australia by Richards McCallum, (03) 419-4211.



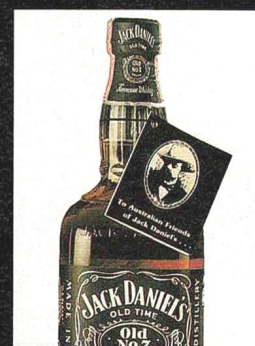
BEST SERVE

The XL Destiny Series squash racquet by Pro Kennex has a revolutionary teardrop design that increases the hitting area by 25 percent and gives a 20 percent larger sweet spot. The throat bar that the four vertical main strings connect with ensures an even greater string tension and flex for pinpoint accuracy and control. There are three racquets in the series, to suit different player styles, and they cost from \$109 to \$159 at leading sports outlets.



AND THE WINNERS ARE ...

The winners of the Jack Daniel's competition featured in the April edition of *Australian Penthouse* were: P. Borgherd, Johnstone, Qld; S. Channells, Kempsey, NSW; N. Katis, South Caulfield, Vic; K. Wassell, Gladstone, Qld; J. Baker, Parafield Gardens, SA; Darren Wass, Woodridge, Qld; J. Thorpe, Bankstown, NSW; R. Frund, Enoggera Army Barracks, Qld; T. Brown, Nambour, Qld; K. Rooding, Emerald, Qld. All winners receive a specially imported boxed set of glasses featuring four different Jack Daniel's logos in black and real gold.



ADVENTURERS

For outdoor extremists, some gear to get you going: the Alpamayo ice axe is light and sturdy, with a chromoly steel head and extruded alloy shaft. The Forty Below headlamp does what it says and operates at minus 40 degrees (as well as at normal temperatures) and fits the Petzl helmet. The Ultimate Direction Extender has two water bottles and a pouch for essentials, and its lightweight belt will allow your body to breathe. All available from Paddy Pallin stores.



CASUAL CANVAS

Cool canvas outdoor clothing from Snowgum includes a trek vest, canvas shorts and pants and long- and short-sleeved safari shirts. All are designed to be tough enough for Aussie conditions, and have lots of pockets — useful in the bush. Prices range from around \$47.50 for the short shorts to \$73.40 for the trek vest. All from Snowgum, NSW, phone (02) 21-4477.

LOOSE ENDS

MOUNTAIN HIGH

Few medium price range quality mountain bikes on the Australian market offer the advanced componentry of the Scott Sports Series Montana. The American-designed bike is a huge favorite in bike crazy Europe, and since it became available in Australia supplies have been snapped up fast. The \$899 Montana, in distinctive Scott racing green, features chromoly tubing, 21 speeds, Shimano 500 LX STI, Biopace, Hyperglide, Avocet saddle and Scott Racing Products forks. Ogle the Montana at better cycling specialists. For stockists, phone Winterski Imports on (02) 773 4974.



VIVE LA VERVE

The Verve is an all-weather jacket designed for comfort, protection and style in adverse conditions. It's made from waterproof, breathable Scope Goretex fabric and features "Watergate" twin-zip closure to keep out the elements. Articulated elbows, drawcord waist and large storage pockets combine in a functional shell, ideal for bushwalking, skiing or everyday use. It costs \$298 from Paddy Pallin.



WIN WITH ZENITH

Sports fans, this month Zenith, maker of quality protective sunglasses and accessories, has provided *Penthouse* with ten sunglass and backpack kits to give away. Zenith lens and frame technology is highly advanced, surpassing ophthalmic specifications set by the Australian Standards Association. Their backpacks are sturdy, roomy, boldly emblazoned and bloody handy. To win one of the ten sets, simply write your name and address on the back of an envelope and address it to Zenith Competition, Australian *Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Winners will be the first ten drawn at random after the closing date of Friday, August 23. Winners will be announced in this section in a forthcoming issue.



FISH FIJI

Fiji is not purely a destination for holidaymakers intent on hanging by the pool with a bottle of coconut oil in one hand and a pineapple daiquiri in the other. The turquoise seas surrounding the Fijian islands teem with more species of big game fish than you point a rod at; an aquatic cornucopia that is in fact still being explored.

The waters off beautiful rainforest-clad Vanua Levu, for instance, second largest island of the Fiji group, offer fishermen a blue-water sport paradise where it's possible to pursue a different species every day, and catch it. And, with its appeal and proximity for Aussies, well-organised charter operations and reasonably priced high standard accommodation, Fiji is taking on the likes of Hawaii and Cairns as the Pacific gamefishing destination of choice. Find out more about fishing Fiji by contacting Sportsfishing Adventures, (02) 262 4761. Fax: (02) 267 6118.



THE SPICE IS RIGHT

Launched in Australia this month, Cacharel Pour Homme Eau De Toilette looks set to emulate the success it has enjoyed since 1981 as a consistent member of the top ten most popular men's fragrances in Europe. Elegantly packaged in a bottle reminiscent of a Victorian era hip flask, the fragrance is a spicy and fresh one, with tones of nutmeg, lemon, sandalwood and musk. A 50ml bottle of Cacharel Pour Homme Eau De Toilette sells for a recommended \$49. Other grooming products in the Cacharel Pour Homme range start at \$32 for a 150ml deodorant spray.

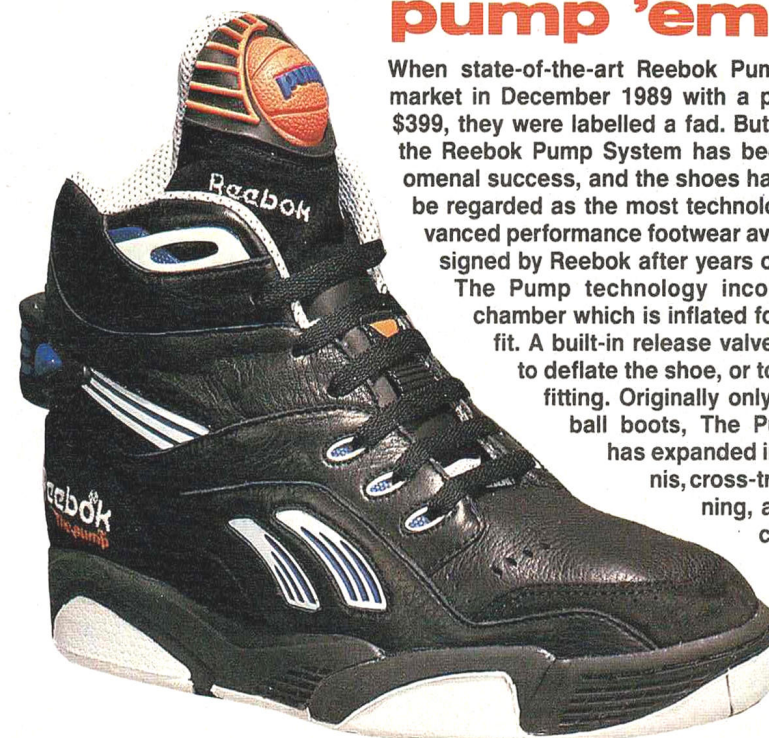


BOURBON REBELLION

"No chemists allowed. Nature and old time know-how of a master distiller gets the job done here. This is a distillery, not a whiskey factory." So reads the bronze plaque at the entrance of the Rebel Yell distillery in Louisville, Kentucky. It illustrates that saving time is a matter for efficiency experts, not the old-fashioned sour mash distillers who like to call their drop the finest bourbon south of the Mason-Dixon Line. Australia is one of the few countries outside the US that Rebel Yell bourbon is available. Still made to the original 1849 recipe distinguished by the use of soft, mature wheat rather than rye. The wheat, combined with corn, gives Rebel Yell its rich bourbon flavor and mellowness. For convenience, pre-mixed Rebel Yell and cola is now available in cans.

pump 'em up

When state-of-the-art Reebok Pumps hit the market in December 1989 with a price tag of \$399, they were labelled a fad. But since then the Reebok Pump System has been a phenomenal success, and the shoes have come to be regarded as the most technologically advanced performance footwear available. Designed by Reebok after years of research, The Pump technology incorporates a chamber which is inflated for a custom fit. A built-in release valve is opened to deflate the shoe, or to adjust the fitting. Originally only in basketball boots, The Pump range has expanded into the tennis, cross-training, running, aerobic and children's ranges.





Queensland's Jody Boyce

INSIDE SEPTEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Fatal Shores — What is Australia's most dangerous sport? It's not ballooning, motorcycling or bungee jumping but rock fishing. Each year at least 50 anglers around Australia lose their lives in rock fishing tragedies. September *Australian Penthouse* asks why these high fatalities continue to occur.

Alien Nation — Thai prostitutes, Malaysian students, economic refugees, even ethnic Chinese criminals — they all have the same goal: to obtain Australian citizenship, or exploit the immigration laws. It is conservatively estimated that over 100,000 illegal immigrants have come to Australia on tourist visas with no intention of leaving. Next month's *Penthouse* reveals the scams they use to circumvent the law.

Genius Or Joker? — Twenty-eight-year-old David Campese, veteran of 54 tests, is the most exciting rugby player in the world. But despite his outstanding sporting record, Campese continues to attract criticism and controversy. September *Australian Penthouse* profiles Australia's most enigmatic and inspirational footballer.

Pet Of The Month — Jody Boyce has travelled around Australia two times in the past few years but she didn't have to think twice when it came to deciding to settle down. Meet the jewel in the Gold Coast's crown in September *Australian Penthouse*.

second

Continued from page 80

gearbox from a Mustang, but with ratios similar to that in a standard six-cylinder Falcon, was bolted behind the big 351. Boosting another potential weak link, Roush opted for a Ford alloy driveshaft to carry the power and torque to a four-pinion Borg Warner limited slip diff.

The Americans also improved the suspension with regulation sports dampers, heavier springs and anti-roll bars and harder bushings. As well, a pair of Koni axle tramp dampers were slotted in between the chassis and the rather rudimentary live axle.

Surprisingly, Roush was happy enough with the standard issue ventilated front/solid rear Falcon disc brakes.

The car that Jack built, according to its maker, could become a production Falcon, retaining all its impressive power output. The Ford boss's car has already done a three-month tour of duty pounding around Ford's You Yangs proving ground outside Melbourne. Its clutch has been dumped and the barking 351 taken to the red line Lord knows how many times. It has had a lifetime of hard work rammed into 15,000 kms. This is the process by which car company engineers discover whether a prototype is made of the right stuff to go into production.

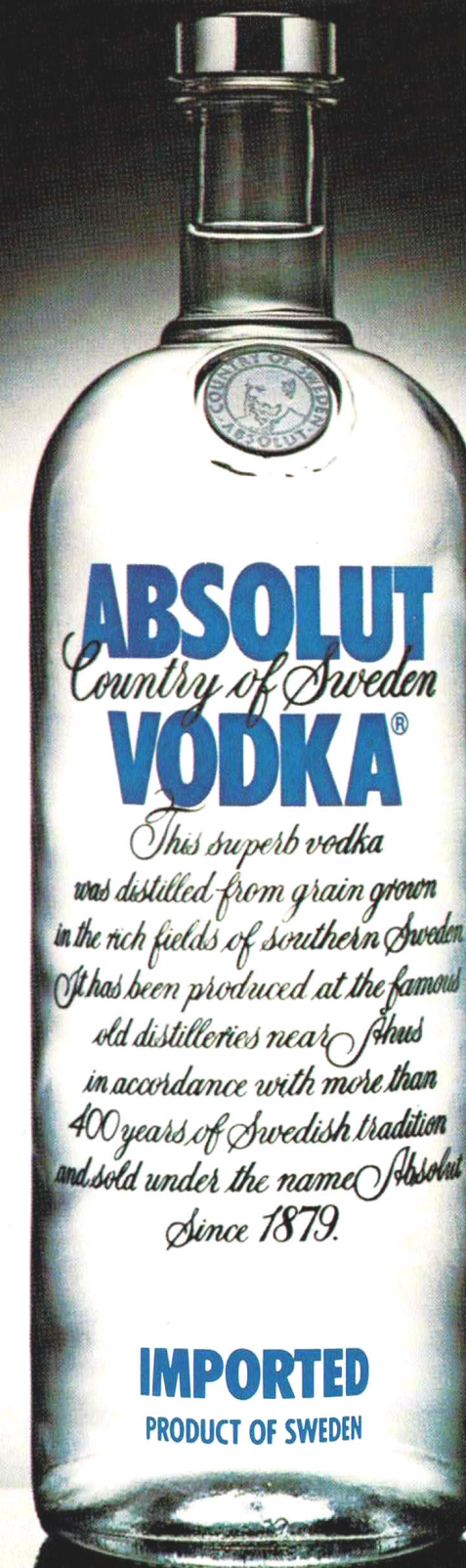
Even if it pulls through with flying colors, there is no guarantee that it will get the go-ahead. Countless other factors must be considered, not the least being cost.

Thus far, Ford is saying nothing. But within the Broadmeadows headquarters, Ford Special Vehicles has been a reality for some months, though as nothing more than a task force. One day, sooner or later, the announcement will come that Ford Special Vehicles is in the business of making high-performance and enhanced Falcons.

Ever since Nasser announced that he wanted to set up a Ford Special Vehicles operation, prominent gents like Peter Brock (before he went back to Holden), Mick Webb, along with outsiders Roush and England's Aston Martin Tickford, have been pitching for the contract.

Ford will probably get the new 5.0-litre Falcon range (due out about now) up and running before looking at the performance car niche.

But rebuilding Ford's once fabulous performance image is certainly a top priority. It was no coincidence that the Nasser 351, tizzed up with a new sock-it-to-me blue paint job, a snazzy interior and some add-on aero bits, was given the red carpet and spotlight treatment at the Melbourne Motor Show earlier this year. The steady throng of curious punters around the car confirmed Nasser's keen grasp of market wants. 



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